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by bob eby

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A SOCIOLOGIST TO UNDERSTAND THAT THE PRIME MOTIVATOR behind this country's official system of so-called "corrections" is the degree of spite which runs through everything connected with it. It is true that there are people working in the correctional process who intend something other than pure punishment for their charges, and it is also true that many of the programs implemented are idealistically aimed at creating situations which will improve both the attitudes and lives of those participating; but, it is even more true that when it comes to the actual working out of things, the reality that people have to live and work with from day to day, year after year, spite is the bottom line to everything—it is the one constant that everyone within the system has to work with . . . against. There is no job, no position or theory in the correctional process that doesn't have to contend with the spite that exists all around us. No matter how well-intentioned, how decent, how caring a person or situation tries to be, whether he be a prisoner or staff person, the ambient spite which permeates all must be dealt with.

Let me give you an example . . .

Over the last year the Canadian government and its media public-opinion-setters have been trumpeting-in a new federal penal program that will permit husbands and wives, family members, and legally-sanctioned common-law partners to visit with one another behind the walls of maximum-security penitentiaries across the country. The families will be allowed to visit with one another continuously over a two-day period once every four months. The program is privilege-based in that the prisoner's behavior will determine his or her eligibility, and will initially only be implemented in maximum-security prisons, the rationale being that those imprisoned under medium and minimum-security conditions already have access to their families through periodic Temporary Leave of Absence programs (TLAs)—which is only partly true, since about 40% of prisoners at this institution get no visits at all, another 60% get no TLAs (roughly 30% not being eligible) and only about 15% of the population here get Unescorted passes. Nationally, there are only 4 Escorted passes per year per inmate granted—statistically, but in fact less per actual prisoner—and this includes passes to be escorted out to court appearances, funerals, hospitals, and transfers from one prison to another, which can hardly be termed family gatherings. Unescorted passes, almost unheard of at maximum-security institutions, only occur at the rate of 4/5 of 1 pass per inmate per year—again, statistically, and a frequency hardly calculated to foster good family relations.

From my point of view anything that can be done to help bring families into closer contact with one another, whether it be behind the walls of a prison or not, has to be better than continuing to create conditions which force families to break apart, which is what the Canadian prison system has been doing now for more than a century. The new program deserves the support of everyone even remotely concerned with bringing more humanity into the prison system. I would not expect the lobby that is only concerned with everyone getting their "just desserts" to support this kind of innovation—they are the source of the spite, the cancer everyone has to deal with while connected with prisons—but I would at least hope that all prisoners (especially those waving the banners of "unity" and "togetherness" and "brotherhood") would rally and work to ensure that the program works and that it gets extended to the rest of us as quickly as possible. But that is not what I am hearing. Not only have I read numerous accounts of the guards' union publically objecting to the program and threatening to strike and what-not if the program gets implemented, but I have also read at least two articles written by prisoners opposed to the program and calling for a boycott—one because it won't involve everyone serving time and the other because it more particularly doesn't include prisoners locked into Special Handling Units.

It is clear to me that the guards' union is operating out of pure spite . . . no rational person would believe that a system that gets more than 426 million dollars of taxpayers' money for their last year's budget, that has more than one staff person for every prisoner, and that has all the resources

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CENSORSHIP within these pages used to allow characters in the fiction section to speak as they do in real life; but, times have changed and we are no longer permitted to use what some people term vulgar language, although we can continue to describe the vulgarity that is prison. "FOUR-LETTER" words, except ones like kill, hate, beat, dead, time, rape, Hole, jail, rule, pain, fear, and the r-i-s-y that goes with hypocrisy, even if they are in the dictionary, will not be seen again. We will go along with this newest rule while we feel we are getting some of the things said which need saying.

It is also true that we publish items from time to time that express views we don't agree with; however, since we are a forum for diverse opinions, and since opinions are like noses -- everybody's got one -- we will defend to the death the signing author's right to take care of himself. If you read something that provokes you, write down your feelings and send them in; otherwise, take a Bromo and forget it; or, perhaps, re-think your position and tell us about how that happened.

No person in authority over prisoners necessarily agrees with the opinions expressed herein, although they do allow us to publish providing no staff names are used in a negative context and opinions do not get passed off as facts.

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IN THE BAG

TEMPERANCE,
1529 Albert Crescent,
TORONTO, Ontario
INC-5E1

Dear Editor:

Perhaps you have heard of me and my nation-wide campaign in the cause of TEMPERANCE.

Each year for the past fourteen, I have made a tour of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, British Columbia, the Maritimes and the Yukon Territory, delivering a series of lectures on the evils of drinking. On this tour, I have been accompanied by my young friend and assistant, Clyde Lindon. Clyde, a young man of good family and excellent background, is a perfect example of a life ruined by excessive indulgence in Whiskey and Women.

Clyde would appear with me at the lectures and sit on the platform drunk, wheezing, staring at the audience through bleary blood-shot eyes, sweating profusely, picking his nose, belching, passing gas, and making obscene gestures at the ladies in the audience, while I would point him out as an example of what over-indulgence can do to a person.

This winter, unfortunately, Clyde died.

A mutual friend who I am told works in the institutional kitchen at Springhill has given me your name and I wonder if you would be able to take Clyde's place on my next tour?

Yours in faith,

The Reverend Elton-Jones

If the editor needs the help suggested by this letter, another friend in the kitchen advises him that he will be available to counsel him.

Yours in equal faith,

Friend in the Kitchen



from THE MONTREAL GAZETTE

THOSE OF US WHO WORK FOR PRISONERS' RIGHTS are branded by authorities as "trouble-makers who want to coddle dangerous criminals at the expense of a safe society."

This kind of emotional rhetoric only helps obscure some very real social problems caused by our prison system.

The recent tragedy at Dorchester Penitentiary forces us to explain our motives again.

From a smuggled letter signed by 38 prisoners before the hostage taking that was read on CBC Radio's AS IT HAPPENS and reported in the Gazette Oct. 28, a number of allegations are presented: The prisoners were badly mistreated, way beyond the procedural directives of prisoner management; because all attempts by prisoners to remedy this situation through proper channels were to no avail, they were predicting some

desperate action would be taken; they also claimed that the guards sometimes encouraged prison riots so they could collect overtime pay.

In 1977, the commons subcommittee on the penitentiary system in Canada said, "Imprisonment in Canada is not simply inhumane, it's the most individually destructive, psychologically crippling and socially alienating experience that could conceivably exist within the borders of this country."

Unless they die inside, all prisoners are eventually released back to society. After putting individuals through the prison experience, what kind of people have we developed who are expected to be prepared to act as responsible citizens?

by Ron Reed
Prisoner's Support Committee
Montreal

RECOVERY: A 28-Day Program

by bob eby

ABOUT HALFWAY BETWEEN ANTIGONISH AND PORT HAWKESBURY ON THE TRANS-Canada Highway some 200 yards from where Number Sixteen intercepts, sits the Nova Scotian hamlet of Monastery. It's on the map, if you look carefully, and there exists there a quiet but fierce local pride -- a cut off the Cape Breton variety, but pride nonetheless.

On the edge of the bucolic atmosphere that is Monastery, there is a farm run by the monks of the Order of Saint Augustine, from which the local community draws its name. The monastery is attached to a Roman Catholic church which sits beside the monastery proper, off the beaten path but alongside a paved tarmac top leading past the doors of the church. In between the church and the monastery, up on the second and third floors of an unused wing, there exists a haven for alcoholics and drug addicted people called RECOVERY HOUSE. After having heard more than a dozen prisoners over the past year here at Springhill Institution tell me about how good the program there was, I spent three days learning for myself what it is they were responding so favourably to.

It is probably the most aptly named program I have ever come across -- even though the residence is not a house, but part of a large, for the most part, unused college for students of the Catholic school which used to exist there. It is graphically named because the word house in its title does in fact signify that the program is a vital and respected aspect of the surrounding community. So much so that when the Board of Directors, all local community members, take to the air waves through radio and television to do funding drives to raise money for the program, they gather about half of their needed resources from the local community. It is this kind of support that has made the RECOVERY HOUSE program, in my estimation, one of the best of its kind anywhere in the country. It is as good as it is because the "recovery" in its title is its one and only reason for existing... the people running the program are there because they exist to share what it is they have with their fellow human beings, and because they are committed to relieving some of the misery which exists on this planet, and especially that which is drug and alcohol related.

FRANK CURRIE is director of the project. He is a big man, with foundry-worker hands. An engineer who has been down some rough roads himself, but a man who has allowed his unflagging spirit and love of his fellow man to fill his whole being with an exuberance for life that is contagious. After having spent years working as an engineer and union worker (from shop steward to president of the local) in the Cape Breton steel mills, Frank decided that he wanted to use more of his experience and talents for the good of more people than just himself and his immediate family. It was out of this kind of consciousness that Frank moved into the field of "social work" -- although I think I would be careful using that term around him. He is a rough-and-ready kind of man. Just as quick to snap you into line as he is to place an arm around your shoulder and tell you what is needed, as prepared to laugh and joke, telling "war" stories, as he is to get down to the serious and searching questions in life.

I was impressed with the man, and intuit that he is exactly the kind of person needed to head up this type of program... a program that took in roughly 160 hard-drinking, pill-popping, line-shooting people over the last year and is still able to claim that better than sixty percent of those having gone through the 28-day program are still non-drinkers and addicted to no drugs. It is a program that a person in trouble can run to, looking for help from people who really care, and get it... not the variety of "help" that comes from highly structured, government-run programs where more time is spent discussing Days Off, Leave Time, Sick Days, Holidays, and how-many-years-till-pension-time? kinds of issues than is on the treatment and care of clients. It is the kind of program where VERONICA MATTIE, a fulltime registered nurse, the lady with a wonderfully infectious laugh, can infuse the whole place with her personality and love. A place where people with hurts can go to learn about how we are not that much different from one another, and that the beauty of that kind of insight leads you into understanding that people not living by this truth is the basis of most of the problems of the spirit which exist in this life. Veronica knows much about the human condition and about how we all need a place to rest from time to time, but the warmth and understanding she puts out throughout her days there are not listed on any university training program -- you either care about people or you don't . . . you don't get taught any of that.

Backing Frank and Veronica up on the fulltime staff of five are RALPH WEYMAN, TROY EAINBRIDGE and ANGUS DUNFORD. Each of these men is a very different person, but all of them have had their own hard times, and all of them have a deep-seated desire to help others who are still locked into the self-destruction that alcohol and drug addiction is. Ralph, Troy and Angus all come across as warm and friendly people, but people who know that the most destructive aspect of any kind of addiction is its power to disarm a person's resolve, its ability to weaken self-discipline and take you back down the path that got you there in the first place. Because they know this truth, they are watchful for signs that any of their clients are breaking the few rules that exist... there is no alcoholic beverage of any kind allowed on the premises, and anyone who goes home for a weekend or off the premises and who takes a drink or uses a drug is asked to not bother returning. These rules exist because the program at RECOVERY HOUSE is based on the voluntary participation of its clients. If people in the program don't want to be there, or don't want to do their share towards getting themselves the help they need, they don't belong there and are asked to leave.

The program is not like a hospital or prison situation. The building housing RECOVERY HOUSE reminded me of a well-used Y.M.C.A. Using the second and third floors of an unused section of the monastery, most of the clients have a room to themselves or are asked to share with another. There are women participating in the program but they stay overnight in private homes down in the village. Twelve to eighteen people at a time take part in the 28-day program. It is non-structured, in that the only organized events are two daily meetings. One is in the morning and consists of a lecture/talk, usually by Frank Currie, but also with outside lecturers from the Nova Scotia Drug Dependency Commission and Alcoholics Anonymous. The morning lectures are an important part of the program because they are where the ground-work for discussions later in the day get done. Frank's lecture methods should be on the curriculum for university professors' training courses... they could learn much from him in the way of making their topics more interesting and vital. Frank has the Cape Bretoner's flair for story telling, and he has dozens of them, and they're never told the same way twice. The afternoon sessions take the form of group therapy. It is in these meetings that people are encouraged to get right down to where they are coming from. It is in this kind of setting that Frank Currie's workers follow-through on the insights he lays down during the morning sessions. Principles like, "addiction is a sustained desire to feel different" get opened up and looked into, and while discussing these kinds of topics, people are encouraged to ask themselves, "why it is they would always want to feel differently if they are so happy and satisfied with who and what they are?" It was in one of these sessions that a RUSS D. when asked why he wasn't going to be doing drugs again answered, "I can't think of anything that I'll be doing in the future that a drug will help." These morning and afternoon sessions take place five days a week and are the only formalized events a person is expected to participate in.

There are other regulations that residents must follow, but none which create any hardships for anyone. People are expected to go to bed at a time of the night that will allow them to be up and ready for breakfast at 7:30. Each person has an assigned cleaning task, which means that the RECOVERY HOUSE program has no paid cleaning staff to contend with, which helps keep their cost-per-person-per-day down to \$22.00 instead of the Canadian Correctional Service's \$116.00 a day per prisoner. There is a part-time cook who comes in to cook lunches and suppers, meals that had I been able to overcome my shyness I would have been begging her to run away with me. The meals were hot, wholesome meat and potatoes kinds of dishes, with lots of fine gravies and sauces and heaping portions of roast beef, lamb, and sometimes even venison supplied by local sportsmen during the deer hunting season. The monks supply the program with fresh in-season vegetables from their bountiful gardens, which is the extent of contact with them as they remain separate from the RECOVERY HOUSE program.

The thing that impressed me most at RECOVERY HOUSE was the fact that the people who go there as clients are treated with dignity and respect. There was no judging going on that would leave a person feeling negative towards him/herself. The first thing I saw when walking through the door was a poster which said, "Learn from your painful experiences-- why suffer twice?" Another said, "A prayer to be said when the world has gotten you down, and you're feeling rotten, and you're too doggonetired to pray, and you're in a hurry, and, besides, you're mad at everybody... HELP!" The feeling that you are there to share in what everyone else has to offer comes through again and again, and keeps taking you back to the fact that most of our problems can be overcome through understanding them and then doing something about

it. People who go to RECOVERY HOUSE go there because they are ready to do something about their problems... no shame is involved in that truth; but a great deal of pride and dignity comes from taking the steps that get your life turned around. Good feelings come from right thinking and action, and feelings of self-worth are what most people who have been helped by their experiences in the program walk away with. Those who are only playing with themselves, and not being serious about wanting to do what is needed to get themselves straightened out, only get judged for being insincere, not for being a person with a problem. And it is hard to fool the people who work at RECOVERY HOUSE, because they have all had their own troubles in life and have all had to go through what it takes to get oneself straightened out. They understand, but they also know the truth of the statement that a person needing help has to do most of the helping.

It isn't only the staff at RECOVERY HOUSE that understand and support these truths... people like the Minister of Health for the Province of Nova Scotia, the Honourable GERALD SHEEHY support Frank Currie and the RECOVERY HOUSE program, thereby encouraging the staff there to continue on when times get tough. This kind of interest in the program is helping the staff there to keep their spirits high and feel encouraged by the work they are doing, and this is reflected in their attitudes towards their clients.

Based on what I saw over the three days I was there, I think there should be more of this kind of programming going on for people in trouble. And because RECOVERY HOUSE is a program for alcoholics and drug addicted people, shouldn't exclude it from the list of agencies who can provide services for people without these particular problems coming out of prisons. The kind of caring and atmosphere that exists at RECOVERY HOUSE is an ideal setting for an ex-prisoner to decompress in at the end of his or her sentence. I think this program would be an ideal addition to the programming already ongoing at Springhill. I think RECOVERY HOUSE should be considered another alternative to sending guys to halfway houses. Not everyone leaving a penal institution needs the intensive supervision that goes with staying at a halfway house, but many of us could benefit from the quiet, laid-back, country atmosphere that exists at the RECOVERY HOUSE program. This project could also be a useful addition to the on-going Temporary Leave of Absence program at Springhill... a place that a guy with a long time in could go to for the 28-day program, putting him into intimate touch with other people with identifiable problems, in an atmosphere that is conducive to letting the bullshit we usually hide behind roll away, thereby bringing us closer to what it is we need to know and live by if we are to find some kind of peace and security in this life.

RECOVERY HOUSE is just that... a place where some good people work towards helping other people be as good as they can. Sometimes this means helping you recover that which you once had, other times it means helping you to get to where you never were... either way, everybody wins. RECOVERY HOUSE is a good place, run by good people.

Training Program

by Greg Scott

Mr. Fred Winsor, project coordinator for ROPE (Real Opportunities for Prisoners Employment) based at the Carlton Centre in Halifax made himself available to the COMMUNICATOR for the article which follows.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1979, a group of students did research into the employment situation in the Atlantic provinces as there didn't seem to be any overall analysis or understanding of the labour market. They found that the only two growth industries in the region were the government(s) and the marine industries. A growth industry is one which is continuing to employ more people each year.

Since the Correctional Service of Canada (CSC) has an interest in finding employment for people it releases, they showed some enthusiasm for developing employment opportunities for prisoners in the fisheries and marine industries. The ROPE project attempts to provide a service to those people getting out of prison who seek employment or training in this area.

Certain skills have not been emphasized in the training available in the Atlantic region, and employers now find a shortage in these areas. Trained seamen, marine engineers of all types, ships officers, refrigeration people, food processing technologists and so on are being imported from all

over the world to work here. Our colleges are just beginning to swing over to this type of training, but the employment opportunities are there now.

What the ROPE program has done is to develop a situation where the LEAP component of Employment Canada granted the funds to charter a 50 foot Longliner and we planned to hire ex-offenders who would eventually be able to become partners in the chartering of a boat and show a profit. Another grant would be arranged for a new crew, and the program would carry on indefinitely. However, we soon found out that the people we had were not experienced enough to make money at longlining, so the program has been restructured to give the guys six months training before they are expected to show any profit.

The problem was that most of the guys with fishing experience had only a small amount of sea time and were unprepared to do the type and amount of work required to support the program. We now spend six months on training, and weeding out the crew.

We believe that we are on the right track simply because the fisheries is the only area where more people are being employed every year. If a guy happens to have received some training, all the better. He can then survive the ups and downs of the market. Last winter the people we had found employment in processing plants and what not were let go because things tightened up. They were unskilled workers.

Things were not as bad in the fisheries as elsewhere, though. The construction industry has an unemployment rate which fluctuates between 20 and 80 per cent. Guys coming out of prison having completed Block One found themselves unable to work at the trade they had studied, like drywall. Some of them tried to go to Alberta, where things are better in the construction field, but the authorities there didn't want them out there, so here they were, with a trade which was locally useless.

We pulled out our research and made some presentations to Regional Headquarters about having marine training take place right in the institution where guys have the opportunity to get a skill, meaning a job after their release. Unemployment is still accepted as one of the major contributing factors in returning to jail. We started trying to get some training going last spring, and although we met with some initial resistance, we are getting a fair degree of acceptance right now. It looks as if they are going to start some type of training in institutions.

At present we are concentrating on courses available in the community at local teaching institutions. The New Entry Seaman course offered at the Nova Scotia Nautical Institute is an excellent place to begin. It's a very basic course where you learn the basics of being a deckhand, because as far as oceangoing or getting on the oil rigs is concerned, they are looking for people with experience. Right now the oil companies are hiring people out of the fisheries, the coast guard and so on. It is the jobs these people are leaving that we are aiming at.

Presently we have six or seven guys taking the deckhand course at Pictou, and this is a very basic type thing. More technical courses are available at the College of Fisheries, Navigation and Engineering in St. John's. This is either the best or second best school of its type in North America. They cover an incredible number of courses and opportunities there. It's quite possible for a guy to plug into them, as a new CRC (Community Residential Centre) is being set up there, and Manpower will pay up to \$80.00 per week to students. It's all a matter of motivation.

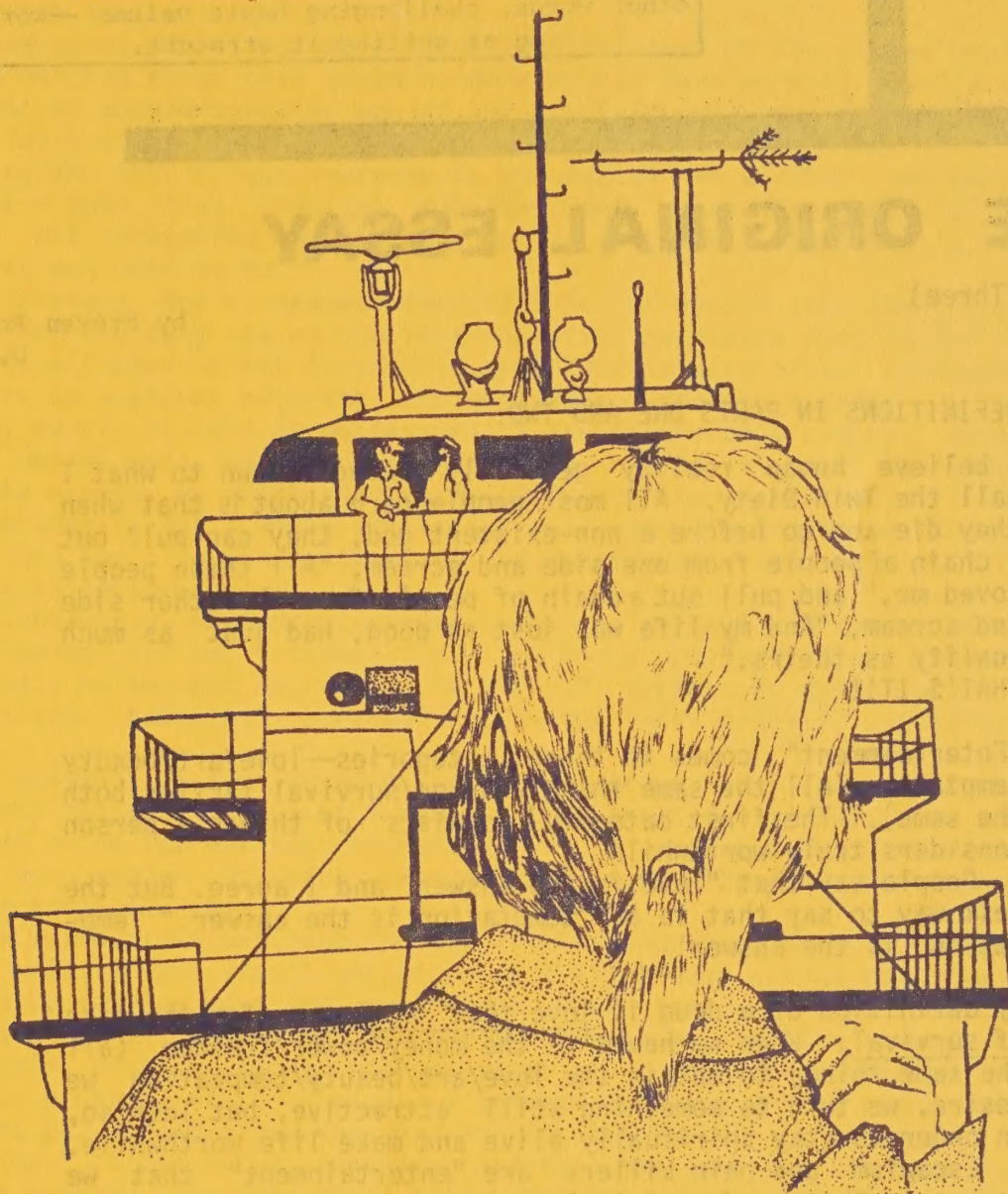
The courses vary in length. The New Entry Seaman is six months, the Diesel Engineer is one year. Many of the courses require seetime before registering, so it is necessary to check out all the requirements before getting too advanced in the planning. Some people want to get to work as quickly as possible, others are prepared to spend a year or more in school to develop their skills. For anybody who is starting out from scratch, with no money and no resources, it takes a long time to get on your feet. You have to have some sort of job to go to, just some sort of stability to settle your life down.

For someone seriously interested in pursuing a career in marine industries from within the prison the process can be quite involved. Selection of a training program is accomplished by looking through the different calendars available from the schools or from Manpower, checking to find out the dates that courses begin, prerequisites, and getting accepted by them. Then, working through your classification officer, LUDO or CMOI, a plan must be developed where the CRC or whatever facility in the community where the training will take place is willing to accept you, and then getting the Parole Board to accept the package.

Another option is to take advantage of Manpower's "on the job training" programs, to pick one for example. If you have a friend or relative who is

willing to employ you as a trainee, then Manpower will pay up to 85% of your salary while you are being trained. Being a parolee places you in the "special needs" category of Manpower classifications, as being an ex-offender is a serious handicap.

One thing we have learned is that this type of employment is most agreeable to employers, but that no one is on the street looking for new opportunities and making employers aware of the different programs. Manpower counsellors see their job as management of existing programs, so most of them aren't out making contacts.



Presently we're investigating the feasibility of having a joint venture between a fish plant operator and the correctional service. In exchange for the operator supplying the CSC with fish, he would provide a number of jobs for ex-offenders or day parolees; the CSC consumes 300,000 pounds of fish a year in this region, so it could be worthwhile. Unlike the Scott tree nursery, these guys would earn better than minimum wage and would be out on the street in a small community. They would be on Day Parole, reintegrating. We have a large number of inmates from small towns who have enough troubles without having to learn about city life at the same time as trying to get themselves together. The response from processors has been positive, so if we can get four or five guys working in the community and supplying three institutions with fresh fish, we would have a program that is serving its function.

The small towns would serve many guys better than the larger centres. It helps you to save money, there is a community. Likewise, working on the boats is good for some guys who would rather not spend their evenings around the Carlton Centre. We have one guy out fishing and he will be making between seven and eight hundred dollars in ten days. He is also probably doing something he enjoys. If there's fish this February like there was last, a crewman on an offshore dragger can make about \$2500.00 in ten days. You can't make money like that anywhere else. It's a very exciting life for a young man to get into, and the only expanding area in this region.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Anyone interested in knowing more about the ROPE program is invited to write FRED WINSOR, Coordinator, ROPE PROGRAM, Carlton Centre, at 5853 College Street, HALIFAX, N.S. B3H 1X5 and/or ask your LUL or LUDO.

GETTING STRAIGHT

"GETTING STRAIGHT" will appear in each issue. The basic theme of each item will be attempts at looking at old notions in new ways; in other words, challenging basic values --working at getting it straight.

THE ORIGINAL ESSAY

(Part Three)

by Steven Rogers
U.S.A.

DEFINITIONS IN PARTS ONE AND TWO:

I believe human reality generally reduces down to what I call the Twin Diety. All most people care about is that when they die and go before a non-existent god, they can pull out a chain of people from one side and scream, "All these people loved me," and pull out a chain of people from the other side and scream, "And my life was just as good, had just as much quality as theirs."
THAT'S IT!!

"Entertainment" comes in three categories—love/art/beauty temptation (all the same thing), drugs/survival tactics (both the same). The first category consists of things a person considers truly worthwhile.

People say that "love is the answer" and I agree. But the best way to say that is as "temptation is the answer." Temptation is the answer!

My definition of a drug is love that enslaves for the sake of survival. When we haven't the money/power/freedom (all the same thing) to obtain the love/art/beauty/temptation we desire, we turn to something still attractive, but less so, in order to stay spiritually alive and make life worthwhile.

Escapism and pain killers are "entertainment" that we engage in that we do not truly enjoy.

The detractors of capitalism say it is "inherently corrupt," a fancy way of saying it is evil. Evil doesn't exist, only ignorance. Acts that are immoral and wrong surely happen, but we should not forget to look at the truth behind the reality. The reason civilization isn't utopia is culture-phobia, a fear of the power of other cultures. Racism and anti-semitism is culture-phobia.

AS I SAID BEFORE, MONEY, POWER, AND FREEDOM ARE ALL REALLY THE SAME THING. No one is ever going to put freedom into a more fair or tangible form than money. I believe freedom is a privilege, not a right. I consider the opportunity to obtain freedom a right, but not freedom itself. (I also believe having children is a privilege, not a right. But that for children or anyone else, to have decent shelter, clothing, food, health care, and maybe even cultural access, is a right.) Although those who don't have the ability to obtain freedom or earn money, should be provided for. And minors shouldn't have to work.

People deserve money for the contribution they make, not for how hard they work or how much they suffer. If a person makes ten times the contribution of someone else, they deserve ten times the money/power/freedom, period. However I am completely against monopolies or situations lacking the opportunities to compete, but I feel that this is the only legitimate reason for having tax brackets.

Most people are victims of "could be, would be" thinking (if something could be, it would be.) but anyone can do anything in this country, although there are exceptions to this rule. People think their occupation is their identity ("That's what you are, so accept it"), and they make a big deal about what they do for a living to impress people, to gain clout with the Twin Deity. Even if their jobs are not that fascinating, they do their best to make others think they are interesting. But actually most jobs deny identity/ego (both the same thing) instead of build it. Anyone who does for money what they wouldn't do for free is a prostitute. But there's nothing wrong with that.

Speaking of prostitution, I think legalization of the oldest profession is the easiest thing that could be done to help send society towards utopia. And lust is unquestionably one of our greatest weapons in the battle to establish holistic medicine on a universal basis.

There are four things everyone is interested in whether you want to be or not—food, lust, (falling in) love, and money (freedom). If you say you're not interested in all four, you're extremely ignorant, a liar, or not what you used to be.

I certainly don't assume that if a lot of people like something, it's good. But the only one of the four universal interests that is bad is food. We obviously have to eat to survive, but food is more often consumed with pleasure as a higher priority than nutrition. Food is a drug.

Many people believe in socialism. I can't take this concept seriously. Now if socialism's defenders said that we needed it until the human race achieves utopia, at which time we would switch to capitalism, I could take them seriously, but I would still disagree. And I'm convinced that a society that isn't capitalistic can't be considered a true utopia. It can't fit the definition.

Unfortunately, most people would rather go to hell and have company than go to heaven and be by themselves. Jim Jones proved this. This fact of life would be further aggravated if the U.S. were to go socialistic. Anti-capitalistic political systems discourage individuality, initiative, and genius.

For instance, I have an idea for a restaurant that no one else would ever take seriously. But if I could get it started, it would be a success. If I can raise the capital by making a huge contribution, free enterprise is the only system by which someone who is truly ahead of their time could do something like this.

This is important not just for the sake of humanity, but for the individual as well. If you aren't satisfied with the beauty around you, you should be able to develop your own, regardless what others think of your taste in "entertainment." Otherwise, for the truly unique, life isn't worth living.

There's nothing wrong with playing god. I'm a megalomaniac, which I consider a normal state of mind. I believe everyone is born a megalomaniac, but most get ruined along the way, and let the Twin Deity determine their "identity." Since I feel identity and ego are one and the same, the more ego the better. The only thing that makes humans different from animals in the long run is the ability to "play god," to achieve immortality. Technology minus art just makes people fancy animals, and whose laughter and tears will be forgotten, whose alleged "superiority" becomes eventually meaningless if the potential for immortality is unfulfilled. Of course I want people to achieve immortality in a positive way. And I certainly don't consider immortality to be mandatory but a matter of personal choice whether or not to pursue.

I'd rather be a jerk than a kiss-ass. "Fear" of people is usually repulsion of people (their souls/personalities or at least a portion of their souls/personalities). People who act like jerks usually do it because they don't want to compromise, yet they don't want to hurt other people's feelings. Jerks turn the repulsion on themselves.

I often act like a jerk, mainly to repel people (it's very effective). Even though I'm very good at insulting people, I believe in tolerance not hate. Besides I act like a jerk to repel kind people, who always end up trying to "save" me from being a janitor/loner even to the point of brainwashing me (talking someone into something is always brainwashing). With rude people I act "cool" which confuses them greatly and they always back off when they see that I am not afraid.

When people deliberately do something very jerk-like, we call this anti-social. Being anti-social to a serious degree is considered dangerous. A mass murderer is a sophisticated jerk. I'm surprised the resemblance my background has with those of mass murderers, since I'm as close to being a pacifist as a non-pacifist can get.

The Yorkshire Ripper is a mass murderer who fascinates me. Despite his

deep sins, in hearing the tapes he sent to Scotland Yard, a sense of triumph of the human spirit came through to me. Those who are obsessed with power as the Ripper is, or obsessed with money are obsessed with freedom. In truth, everyone is a nice person. Those who aren't in reality are so because they can't afford it, or don't believe they can afford it.

Hate, while not always done in the name of "entertainment," can always be described as a drug/survival tactic. Hate can distort logic just like the combined physiological and psychological effects of alcohol, can seriously effect one's reason while under the influence. People must often go through a detoxification period as with certain physiological drugs to free themselves from hate. But most people refuse to give up the drug of hate because they don't believe they'll survive without it. In fact many people get more satisfaction out of putting down things they don't like than enjoying the things they do like. Hate is a serious drug problem.

Hate is four things. Hate is a drug. Hate is a survival tactic. Hate is love frustrated (hate must contain love to be true hate, although not necessarily for its victim.) Hate is psychological violence.

By now, you've probably thought to yourself, what's in all this for the author? I find this question very offensive because no one believes in free enterprise more than myself, it's not possible. However I have a great many ideas designed to defeat culture-phobia, and since I believe doing good and making money will one day be one and the same, they are all moneymakers.

But I am not writing this to make money. Even though I deserve payment for making a contribution, I'm willing to work with business on my ideas for absolutely nothing, if otherwise they won't be done at all. I'm writing this because I think my opinions are extremely important and that it's my moral obligation to disseminate them.

I feel that 10 per cent of the public is culturally satisfied by the lowest common denominator mentality served up by your average commercial entertainment. And that 10 percent is fulfilled by entertainment that reflects the preferences of critics, educators in the arts, those who run public radio and television, etc. I think the 80 percent in the middle are culturally starved. My business ideas are designed to go after that 80 percent.

So much can be done with temptation. Yet critics call this "commercialism." Commercialism and "serious" artistry have been at each others' throats for a long time. Neither side trusts the other and for very good reasons. But all the capitalists want is your money. If being more moral means making more money, business will switch strategies in a second. No culture-phobia here, or hatred either. However those who supposedly "know" what real art is want your money and your soul. I'd rather deal with the so-called "heartless mercenaries." (By the way, advertising that isn't information is brainwashing. Just thought I'd throw that in to even things up.)

This is all a shame because the combination of the commercially and artistically sound is explosive, where the real cash and real social progress is. Don't forget that a new trend in business often starts when a creative idea becomes a hit. This trend is then run into the ground while waiting for another "lucky accident" to happen. We'd have more lucky accidents if the creative people didn't act so "heartless" when working with other people's money. In the meantime, a very large market is treated cavalierly, out of either greed or hatred.

There are three major mistakes that capitalists make. First, if they were less greedy, they'd make more money. Second, they don't always make it easy for the average consumer to contribute feedback. Third, they don't always make it easy for the zealous consumer to contribute feedback. Now if you listened to critics and others in the media, they'd have you think, if they possibly could, that all the zealots think like them. My ideas are also designed to reach out to the neglected 90 percent of the zealots who are like free advertising when given the chance.

The only thing that will stop the arms race is the lessening of culture-phobia amongst nations. Hopefully we will develop more sophisticated and compelling "weapons" for this strategy, but until we do, Farrah posters, Kiss albums, and McDonalds are our greatest weapons against Russia.

Many people must think I'm a real bastard to possess the opinions I do. But I decided at a very early age (my father told me when I was five that the Lone Ranger and Zorro was not high art as I believed, but garbage that's okay for kids, but that you outgrow. I knew that he was wrong, that I was enlightened.) to retain my megalomania no matter what the cost. I'm not "weird" because of "traumas," I receive abuse because I'm "weird." The vast majority of psychological pain in my life I knew was coming before it hit. All my life I could have avoided heartbreaking situations, but I walk right into them and will continue to. It's the price of greatness. Besides, over the years I've become expert at thwarting enemies with insults and guilt.

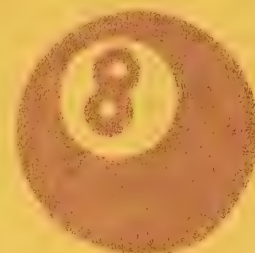
Many people will also think I must be a real creep to possess the opinions I do. But when you try to be everyone's friend, you run the risk of being considered everyone's enemy. And I'm convinced that my opinions will stand the test of time.

And I'm convinced my business ideas are inevitable. I've sent some of them around and sure, often the reaction is, "it will never work." But just as often I hear, "very interesting," or "fascinating." But no one is either willing or able to take a chance with anything new.

I really believe I have all the answers to the world's problems!! Temptation is the answer, and given the financial backing (again, I'll do it for free), I know I have the talent to give the people what they want, and to achieve tolerance.

Utopia is coming. Get in on the ground floor now.

THE LATE GREAT UNIT EIGHT



by Ray Cormier

Well now, how is everything? From what I see, the weather is starting to shape up, but, who knows, it may only last for the spring and summer....

I don't know how many guys have written unit reports from the Adjustment Centre, but that's where this one is coming from. Who knows, I might just start a new trend . . .

Anyway, I checked up on how the unit hockey team was doing, and to my great surprise ball hockey is over. Our guys didn't do all that good this year, but from what I did see and have been told, our guys deserve a trophy just for hanging in there. They went all-out and gave all they had throughout the ball-hockey season, sometimes playing with as few as six players. But, we've been down before . . . this won't last. I think the NUMBER EIGHT squad will make it up in the upcoming ball season. So, watch out, we're on our way to fame again.

It looks like we lost our Canteen Operator, but I don't think any of our guys are going to put up a fuss about seeing MONK make it to the farm . . . Good luck, Monk, from all the guys in NUMBER EIGHT. We got another good man to replace him; and WAYNE B. is doing a good job, too.

I'd better close and leave some room for the other units. So, we'll see you all next month, if I'm still around . . . I'm told that Dorchester is just another trip to the Hole away....



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N-NUMBER N-NINE

by marty smith

MARTY SMITH: Well, to start off with I will say that there have been a lot of things going on in the unit. Some have been for the better and others were not so good. The good things that have been going on are things like a PIZZA SALE which went over very well. There have been some Temporary Leaves of Absence going out of the unit but the inmates here figure that this isn't really enough to keep the unit running the way it should. There have also been a number of bad things going on in the unit that the inmates don't agree with. Two guys from our unit were sent to Dorchester, two were put in the Adjustment Centre -- one of them for no reason

that I could see -- and at least 12 have been in the Hole over the last couple of months. The inmates in the unit feel this is very unnecessary, because we feel that most of the unit problems that come up can be handled at unit meetings. We feel that the staff are not really serious about wanting us to participate more fully in unit activities, and least of all in things we would rather be doing. For instance, the staff closed down our card game and the only explanation we were given was that the inmates involved in the poker game sometimes allowed things to get out of hand in that some of the participants eventually become heavily indebted, which ultimately leads, they say, to cell thieving, muscling, and loan-sharking. They further stated that this works against the living unit program in that it does not contribute to a means of developing proper social skills and individual development.

CARMAN LOWTHER, LU² (head of the unit), stated that the basic philosophy of NUMBER NINE unit is to encourage the inmates to learn social skills, to develop responsibility, and to accept social restrictions. He says the unit tries to accomplish this through the Case Management Team approach, through Unit Meetings, Range Representative Meetings and through positive unit programming.

He said that there were a number of inmates in the unit who are trying to destroy unit activities, and that staff are trying to pick them out and deal with them as individuals rather than punishing the whole unit. He explained that this kind of destructive behavior can't be allowed to interfere with the unit's ac-

tivities, and that if the staff deem it necessary, they will put individuals like this on the Area Selection Board for a transfer to Dorchester.

He further stated that he wasn't against any unit activity that can be seen as good for the unit. Anything that will further the ends of the living unit program will be seriously considered. However, he did say that the inmates of NUMBER NINE unit should take a more active part than they have in the past. He stated that he thought the unit has been running better than it has in the past, and that he is willing to deal with all problems as they arise, before they get out of hand.

The STAFF GENERALLY AGREED that the unit is running better now than it has in the past couple of months. They said they would like to see more positive participation in unit activities, such as Temporary Leaves of Absence and more tournaments and such. They said that what has gone on in the unit over the last couple of months should be forgotten and we should be looking more to the future; that we should be working together to make the unit run better, creating better working and living conditions, making it a better place to do time. They said they felt the problems experienced on C Range are over with, that the transfers to Dorchester of two inmates, and the placement in the Hole and Adjustment Centre of certain others, has taken care of the problem. They said that they thought that problems like this should be brought to them before they get out of hand. They also said that the inmates of NUMBER NINE unit should call for a unit meeting when there are problems needing looking into.



THERAPY IS...

by David Dunn

AS USUAL THERE HAS BEEN A LOT happening in the unit over the past few months. I'll relay the progressive sequence of events for you.

A few days prior to Xmas there were a couple of successful searches, successful from the point of view that they found nothing and successful in that they could declare the unit "clean." I presume they were looking for the Xmas "spirits," which were running kind of high at

the time but either escaped detection or just didn't get made.

The unit bought Xmas candy for an old folks home and a home for the mentally handicapped. MIKE LEAVER (old Nick himself), SEAN RYAN, SCOTT SWEENEY, HARVEY LUNN, DOUG WALSH, CHARLIE VOUTOUR and KEVIN NORMAN were out to deliver the candy and lighten their spirits with Xmas carols. Xmas also received good participation with lots of guys

contributing to the Temporary Leave program. Something like 25 guys enjoyed the company of their families for Xmas; only 42 guys in the general population made passes at Xmas. (I don't know if making passes at the staff helps you get one by them.) Also at Xmas, again, compliments of a healthy inmate-contrived Unit Welfare Fund, we all received a heaping plate of deliciously baked food stuffs from the street. The ladies, mothers of local Cub/Scouts sure know what they are doing. The money from this particular bake went to their local Boy Scout group, so a lot of people benefitted from this venture.

New Year's Eve it had been arranged for guys to purchase Chinese Food. This was followed by games with about 100 bucks worth of free prizes. Some time in January, the unit also hosted a free bingo. And we had another Vegas Night which featured implementing a "buddy system" so about a dozen or so gamblers from out in the population could be imported. One guy knocked the House out to the tune of 35 bucks, but the unit still maintained, ending the evening slightly in the black.

Some miscellaneous events that require mentioning are: AL BALTZER is our new T.A. Coordinator and is handling the job in a responsible manner. We had a six-week swimming program at the Mount Allison University pool, designed with the notion of teaching non-swimmers. A number of extra guys who can swim got to go each week, meaning that six guys learned to swim and about 25 others got a shot at splashing around in the pool. There is also a possible skiing T.A. in the works. The weather will dictate its success. DOUG JONES is our new camera operator and GEORGE CALVIN is efficiently handling the books for the camera operation and the unit in general. Neither of these jobs are paying jobs but both contribute to the well-being of the unit. TONY LEWIS, our Washer and Dryer man will be leaving soon. He said he "feels it only right to give someone else a chance...." The creation of a Constitution was discussed many times at meetings in the unit. Several

questions were also raised concerning the constitution of certain individuals. NUMBER TEN has and will continue to play an active role in developing our inmate constitution along with the three other units. Speaking of group meetings, most of ours are productive in sorting out the intricacies of getting things accomplished and go great distances in broadening the lines of communication; others are just plain "Crummy...."

Ah, yes, we have a new parole officer in the unit! One of the older guys was overheard to say, "You know you've been in jail too long when your parole officer starts looking good to you...." He wasn't too far from the truth; yes, she looks good, and she has nice eyes, and I think she is going to be more perceptive and capable of judging what is really going on than her predecessor was.

One more major event requires mentioning. Last week Professor ED RENNER of Dalhousie University in Halifax and a group of his students visited the institution. They spent about an hour on a regular tour of the joint, and then attended one of our G Range meetings. That evening they returned to watch Claude Jutra's, THE DREAMSPEAKER, with some of the guys in the old gym. There are still lots of suckers for happy endings but I'm personally bored with them, and Jutra must agree because this film certainly didn't have one, although it was a realistic ending to come to. It was a very decent film. Screening of the film was followed by discussion. One of the side concerns of this group's coming here was that they had completed a survey in the Halifax/Dartmouth region of almost every employer there. They found that 75% of the employers interviewed (people with control over 6500 jobs) unsympathetic and against hiring an ex-offender. Keeping in mind that there were 25% that would hire an ex-offender, he and his students compiled a file on these employers and are willing to open them to guys looking for work in the Halifax/Dartmouth area after release.

ecology action centre

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ELEVENTH

HEAVEN

by BLAINE GOULD

ONCE AGAIN, DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES beyond my control, I am forced to give an in-depth interview with the most vicious and most miserable of miseries of the Pygmy kingdom. Yes, that's right; you have guessed it, their leader! So, now, once again, allow me to introduce the one and only (thank the Gods for that) Amagouchiegamagummahochieasshole-imbodimmydummydimbo—AMA for short.

BLAINE: No doubt the first thing our captive readers would like to know is where did your tribe first originate from, and what prompted you to bring your tribe to this place, Springhill?

AMA: Our tribe's originating source was a Stelco garbage can in a back alley just outside a free public abortion clinic somewhere in Calcutta. The reason I brought my people here is because I had heard rumours that this place would be making new homes (garbage cans) for us and others like us, and we wanted to be the first to sign Leases of Occupancy for them.

BLAINE: No doubt you are referring to the garbage cans that are manufactured from time to time in the Industrial Sheet Metal Shop here. Tell me, at the present time, how many members of your tribe now live in this institution?

AMA: To give you an exact and precise answer I would say that there is between 20 and 270 members of my tribe now living here.

BLAINE: What do your kind like to eat, and what does your diet usually consist of?

AMA: Boy, are you ever a dum-dum. First you ask me what we like to eat, and in the same breath you ask me what does our diet usually consist of! Surely, by now, you know that we eat only the things we like . . . and I will say right now that we only eat the best. The foods that we eat are usually found in great abundance around here; such as bugs like silverfish, spiders, nosy reporters like you, seagulls, pigeons (especially stool-pigeons) — as well as bed pigeons, if you catch my drift — hospital staff, rats (both the four-legged and two-

legged kind) and, on special occasions, each other.

BLAINE: I have been told that you are a very wise, understanding, patient, and devout sort of person.

Perhaps you could share some of that wisdom with our readers now as I close off this interview.

AMA: What you say about me is true. I am all those things and, most of all, I pride myself on being humble and modest at all times. Now, I will share a bit of my wise and knowledgeable wisdom with you: My dear friends (and future food supplies), always remember that you run a risk of knocking your teeth out if you attempt to chew off your toe-nails while jogging. And always keep in mind that an unhappy man is more happy than a happy man. This is so because the unhappy man will have more joy in him than the happy man would have had when good fortune comes his way.

BLAINE: Yes, well, thank you for...

AMA: Be silent! I'm not through yet. To continue with the above: and so the unhappy man who through his pilgrimage sought out happiness has already found that there is really no such thing as true happiness. Meanwhile, the happy man in his greediness will try to seek out even more happiness, and when he does he will learn the same lesson the unhappy man did and in turn he too will be unhappy.

BLAINE: Are you happy?

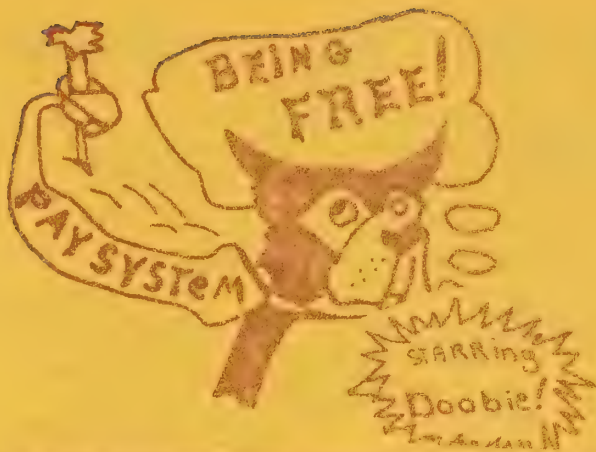
AMA: What do you take me for? No. I'm not happy! What would I want to be happy for? Didn't you just hear what I said? If I was happy I would be unhappy....

BLAINE: Sorry for asking. Then I will ask you; are you unhappy?

AMA: No, you dummy! If I was unhappy I would be happy . . . wouldn't I?

BLAINE: Well, whatever you say. For some reason you seem to have about the same logic as our LU². You two wouldn't happen to be related, would you?

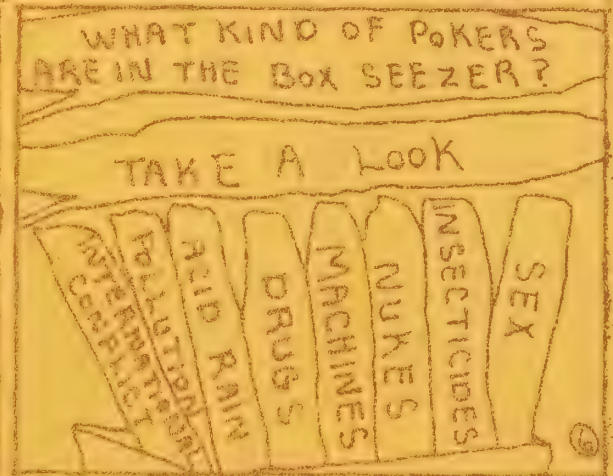
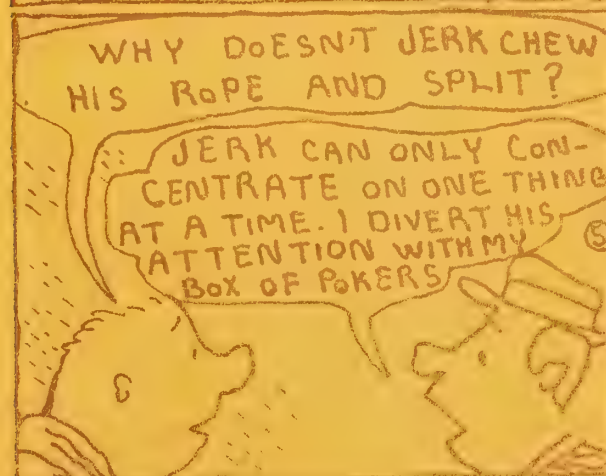
AMA: I don't know . . . was he in Calcutta in 1964?



JERK, THE DOG

STORY, ERNEST MANN, ART, P. DODGE

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I GOT POKERS IN THE BARN!

SEXISM
RACISM
AGEISM
SICKNESS
PROFIT AND LOSS

CARTOONS
RECESSION
UNEMPLOYMENT
INFLATION
TAKES
ELECTIONS
HATE

AND POKERS IN THE SHED!!

YOUR SICK, I'M WELL
YOGA
SIMPLICITY
CONSCIOUSNESS
SPORTS
JOGGING
GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER
SMALL IS PRETTY

FASTING
FIX ME
ESCAPE
BACK TO THE EARTH
VEGITARIANISM
RELIGION
ASTROLOGY
CO-OPS

BUT, THE BEST POKER OF EM ALL WATSON, IS MONEY!!

\$\$\$

WHY IS THAT SEEZER?

HE AGONIZES ABOUT IT LONG BEFORE AND LONG AFTER I POKE HIM

YOU'RE CRAZY, SEEZER

NO WATSON, JERK'S CRAZY. IF HE WOULDN'T PAY ATTENTION TO MY POKING HE COULD SNAP HIS ROPE AND BE FREE.

JERK WOULDN'T LEAVE YOU. HE'D STARVE WITHOUT YOU!

HE THINKS HE WOULD BUT, HIS ANCESTORS LIVED FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS WITHOUT ANY HELP FROM ME.

WATSON, YOU'VE HEARD OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN

OF COURSE

AN ABUNDANCE OF FOOD AND LUMBER WOULD GROW BACK IF WE WOULD LET IT

WHY DON'T YOU LET IT GROW BACK AND TURN JERK LOOSE?

HABIT I GUESS. I JUST LIKE TO HAVE A DOG TO POKE

Report on crime demeans the Police

from Letters to the Editor,
KINGSTON WHIG-STANDARD

SIR; The report of the City Police Commission "Policing and Prisons" (The Whig-Standard, Dec. 5, 1979) contains a number of statements which, if left unchallenged, will undoubtedly leave Kingston citizens with misinformation which only reinforces already wide-spread myths.

According to the newspaper account, the report tries to establish that Kingston citizens constitute a "high risk population" in terms of criminal activity. It states that the basis of this risk is the proximity of federal prisons. It also suggests that an increase of 20 per cent in the size of the police force at a cost of \$470,000 a year will remedy the situation. This report seems remarkable both in terms of what it says, and what it does not say.

The report apparently states that 1,000 crimes have been committed in the last decade by "convicts and former prison inmates." It does not say that this represents approximately one-sixtieth of the actual crimes reported to the police.

It states that 12 out of 15 solved murders, half the attempted murders, all seven kidnappings and 21 per cent of solved robberies were committed by "inmates." It does not say that the rate of violent crime in Kingston, according to Statistics Canada, is half the national average for cities of similar size to Kingston. It does not mention that violent crime constitutes about 3 per cent of the total crimes committed in Kingston.

It states that the existence of prisons brings an unusual number of "professional" criminals to Kingston who are hard to catch. This, it claims, results in a lower police clearance rate than other communities. It does not state that 50 per cent of all offences are theft under \$200 — hardly professional — and that the clearance rate has been dropping consistently for the last five years in spite of a reduced frequency of prisoners being released on passes and paroles. It does not mention the increase in surveillance for those who are released now as compared to a few years ago by parole supervisors.

It states that there are 1,911 inmates in 13 institutions within 25 miles of Kingston. It does not mention that one of these institutions is a provincial jail, another a provincial half-way house, two are federal half-way houses, three are minimum security camps for non-dangerous offenders and are in fact housed within the old Kingston Penitentiary. It does not mention that for the 1,911 "inmates," there are 755 security and living unit personnel to watch them, and in excess of 1,000 others to teach, counsel, and handle their affairs. Nor does it mention that 75 per cent of the federal prison population are serving sentences for non-violent offences against property. The report states that the prisons create substantial work for the Kingston Police handling disturbances, investigation, inquests, etc. It does not state that only two federal prisons are within the city limits and the rest fall under the jurisdiction of the O.P.P.

The report states that there are 80 "inmates" on city streets on day passes every day. It does not state that most are in fact on day parole, living in supervised half-way houses, and that of the remainder many are out of prison for only a few hours and of these all but one or two are under the escort of penitentiary service security staff.

The report states that there are 175 parolees reporting to the local parole office. It does not state that the local parole office covers an area extending from west of Napanee to Prescott, and north to Smith Falls. It does not point out that many of these people are not on parole at all, but rather mandatory supervision and in fact are in the community because the prison portion of their sentences has ended.

The report states that 100 men have escaped from local prisons in the last four years. It does not state that the vast majority of those "escapes" were in fact cases of men walking away from minimum security institutions where they are kept because they are not considered dangerous should they escape.

The report states that 248 people were declared unlawfully at large. It does not point out that these cases constitute those who returned late from passes and that the majority failed to return from communities other than Kingston.

The report states that 28 individuals "associated with prisons" are in receipt of city welfare. It does not indicate the hundreds of ex-inmates in Kingston who are employed and paying taxes. Nor does it attempt to explain why people on welfare need to be policed. It does not suggest that 28 of the 950 welfare recipients in Kingston are a meagre economic drain on a community that benefits economically from thousands of federal prison employees.

The report states that police participated in the inquests of 18 inmate deaths over a 10 year period. It does not mention that this is only a portion of the deaths in Kingston area prisons over this period when one includes those prison deaths outside of the Kingston city limits such as Millhaven Institution, Collins Bay Institution, and Joyceville Institution. It does not ask why so many have died in prison.

What this report does do well is to point out the futility of prisons.

If City Council feels that the police need extra manpower, then they owe it to the community to see that the force is increased, not to pass responsibility to the federal government while playing into unrealistic fears at the expense of Kingston citizens and those ex-offenders who are trying to live constructively in the community. For the Kingston Police, with its impressively efficient hard-working staff, to use this weak rationale for needed staff is demeaning, and potentially detrimental to what has been very positive community relations.

Perhaps it is time that a thorough, independent study be conducted to establish once and for all an accurate picture of crime in Kingston. Surely the public has the right, and City Council the responsibility to be informed on this matter.

GRAHAM STEWART,
Executive Director,
John Howard Society
of Kingston and District

Shelve prison sex plan guard's union urges

(The Toronto Sun)

OTTAWA (UPC) — The guards representing 8,000 federal prison guards has demanded that the federal government backtrack on a pledge to introduce conjugal visits in the country's maximum-security penitentiaries.

Wayne Crawford, executive secretary of the Union of Solicitor General Employees, said yesterday the government's proposal would "severely threaten" prison security and could result in escapes, violence or hostage-takings.

WOULD CREATE PROBLEMS

"It would create extreme jealousy, tension and pressure within the prison," he said.

Crawford said prisoners have already threatened to boycott the program unless single prisoners are able to choose female friends as visitors or homosexual prisoners were barred from choosing male friends.

Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan announced last summer that his department would permit some inmates at five Canadian maximum-security prisons to receive 48-hour visits from their wives or common-law spouses in trailers within prison walls.

PRISON POPULATION

But the union, citing recent hostage-taking incidents at penitentiaries in Montreal and Dorchester, said that more than half of the prison population were young, unmarried men without permanent relationships with women on the outside.

"The main concern of the guards focuses on security," he added. "We are extremely concerned for the safety of staff who will be required to administer this program if a long term inmate utilizes his family resources to bring in drugs or weapons."

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MP Criticizes visiting plan

The Kingston WHIG-STANDARD

HASTINGS, FRONTENAC, LENNOX AND ADDINGTON MP Bill Vankoughnet has demanded drastic changes in the proposed family visiting program soon to be introduced in federal penitentiaries, a program alleged to parallel "similar successful" schemes in the United States.

The Conservative MP reacted to claims made by Solicitor General Robert Kaplan who earlier announced the program will be established in six institutions.

Vankoughnet disputed the minister's contention that "the Canadian program would be modelled after similar successful programs in penitentiaries south of the border.

"In two important ways, the minister's statement is incorrect," Vankoughnet said in a prepared statement.

"Four states in the U.S. have family visiting programs," he said.

"None of the prison administrations in those states allow inmates with common law relationships to participate in the program, but the Canadian proposal will."

He said the U.S. programs do not permit common law partners to visit because "such a provision would be offensive to the prevailing moral code of law-abiding people in their respective states."

He also voiced concern that pressure from prison inmates will be exerted on Canadian officials to extend visiting privileges to "girl-friends and boyfriends."

He noted that the Canadian move will also allow visits by brothers and sisters of inmates while, with one exception, this feature is absent in U.S. prisons. California alone allows weekend visits by siblings, the MP said, but "only if accompanied by a responsible adult."

"Experience has shown that 'sisters' often turn out to be girlfriends."

EDITOR'S NOTE: They just keep coming, don't they!



Proceed with prison visits

From The Toronto Star

DESPITE OBJECTIONS RAISED BY THE union representing 8,000 guards in federal penitentiaries, Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan should proceed with his plan to permit prisoners to receive private visits from their wives, common-law spouses and children.

Union spokesmen said this week the guards feared such visits would threaten prison security and lead to more violence, escapes and hostage-taking incidents. They fear, too, that family visitors might bring drugs or weapons onto prison property, since Kaplan's plan would provide trailers on prison grounds where the visits would take place.

The fears appear to be unwarranted. In Saskatchewan, where a program of conjugal and family visiting with the inmates of provincial jails has been in place for more than a decade, prison staff have not found their security threatened.

A spokesman for Saskatchewan correctional service system told the Star that there has been no increase in violence, escapes or hostage-taking since the program has been in effect.

And Saskatchewan's does seem to have had the positive effect that is one of the goals of a conjugal visiting program: Inmates are able to maintain family relationships while in prison and are thus better able to pursue a normal community life when they are released.

At present, prisoners in medium and minimum-security federal institutions may be given periodic two-to-three-day leaves to visit their families at home; the inmates of maximum-security penitentiaries must content themselves with open visits in a large, guarded room or closed visit by telephone with a sheet of bulletproof glass separating them from their wives and children.

Here's how the wife of one inmate at Millhaven in Kingston described the open visits: "It's upsetting, it's sometimes humiliating, and it's really depressing. But it's still better than the alternative (of no visit at all). I couldn't desert my husband because he's locked up in jail. Should my children grow up without seeing their father?"

The possibility that visitors might bring drugs or weapons into the prisons exists now and is dealt with by searching visitors' baggage

and the prisoners when they return to the main jail buildings. It can surely be handled in the same way if the visits are private.

Instead of objecting to the plan for conjugal visits, the guards and their union should be working with the government to ensure its success. They might find it pays dividends in less tension, frustration and hostility among prison inmates than exists now.

Guards Must Stay in Line

The Montreal Gazette
November 14th, 1980

PRISON GUARDS ARE PERFECTLY FREE to worry about the Correctional Service's plan to allow prisoners to be visited for two days at a time by their families.

Guards at the Archambault penitentiary and other institutions, prisoners, and Members of the John Howard Society and the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Crime all have reservations about the program due to start next month.

What is wrong is the position taken by guards at the Dorchester penitentiary in New Brunswick, who last week threatened "drastic measures" to block the program. That is far out of line. A guard's job is not to make prison policy but to enforce it.

Dorchester guards have been understandably upset since one of them was killed by fellow guards during a hostage-taking last month. So it is not surprising that one of them should react to the new program as he did. Referring to Ottawa, he said, "it seems that all they could think of up there is how to mollycoddle these guys. These punks are here for murder, rape, bank robbery and the like. If them jerks in Ottawa want to do something good for someone, why don't they do something good for the victims of the crimes?"

Excited questions require calm answers. Victims of crimes surely deserve consideration, but they are not the issue here. Neither is mollycoddling. No one deprived of freedom for many years is mollycoddled, even if his cell has wall to wall carpeting and a Rembrandt on the wall.

Murderers and robbers are very much to the point, which is to minimize their chance of committing more murders and robberies when they get out. In pursuit of this objective, the Correctional Service is trying to maintain prisoners' family ties. Hence the visits.

The objective is both humane and protective. A similar program is successful in the United States. More advanced programs are successful in Scandinavia.

Sweden has a kind of rest-and-recreation centre—a former lumber camp—where prisoners are sent with their families for as long as five weeks "to increase the inmate's chances for solving the practical problems of daily life." Those sent include murderers and bank robbers. There is no serious violence. It works.

Canada's program can be criticized on details but not substance. It can work too.



Jail Guard Promoted Despite Past

from THE TORONTO STAR

A JAIL GUARD SUSPENDED AFTER A 1978 inquiry for condoning or using unnecessary force on Toronto (Don) jail prisoners "has paid his debt" and won't be removed from his present post as an assistant superintendent, Correctional Services Minister Gordon Walker says.

Walker was commenting today on a demand by New Democratic Party MPP Ed Ziemba that the recent promotion given 51-year-old Stanley Johnson be rescinded. Johnson is responsible for food and maintenance at the Metro West Detention Centre in Etobicoke.

Walker said that he was willing to listen to a valid reason from Ziemba, but he made it clear that he didn't feel a guard who had paid his penalty through suspension and lost pay should continue to be punished. Johnson was suspended 20 days.

Johnson refused comment saying "it's all in the past now. The ministry has been good to me. I don't want to say anything more.

MATTER OF PRINCIPLE

Walker asked whether Ziemba would deny the same principle to guards. "We have on our staff," Walker said, "about 250 employees who at one time were convicted of criminal offences.

Walker said a guard had been fired recently for striking a prisoner. He refused to name the institution where the incident occurred but cited it to support his argument that the ministry will not tolerate on its staff anyone who goes beyond the line of using what force is necessary to restrain a prisoner.

10 ALLEGATIONS

Johnson a Newfoundland native, figured in 10 of the 71 allegations of brutality heard by Judge Barry Shapiro started in 1974 during a royal commission inquiry concerning the jail.

Shapiro concluded in a 1978 report that Johnson was among two dozen guards who had used or condoned the use of unnecessary force in handling prisoners between 1968 and 1973.

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"Robert Service" On Tour

by bob eby

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF miles lie between Dawson City, Vancouver Island, and Charlottetown, and even more separate Australia, Canada, and the British Isles; but "the ghost of Robert Service" -- professional actor and modern-day travelling minstrel, Charles Hayter of Toronto -- has seen them all.

Mr. Hayter brought his one-man travelling show to the auditorium here at the invitation of GREG BROWN, the acting Social and Cultural Development Officer (SCDO), where he performed for an audience of about forty guys.

Dressed in 1890s period attire, Mr. Hayter recited the brought-back-to-life words of one of the few writers who gained immortality through rendering a chunk of Canadian history into words -- wonderful poems, telling of the Klondike gold rush days, depicting characters like Dangerous Dan McGrew and Sam McGee, relating history through the eyes of a man who himself travelled the world during a time when a working-man's life was hard and cruel, but which still retained a spirit of adventure and camaraderie.

Mr. Hayter took the group through an hour's worth of poetry recitals and commentary, making his audience aware of a lifestyle that for the most part passed more than sixty years ago. A time when "sourdoughs" panned for gold in the North, working and fighting to eke out a life in a section of the world more given

to mountains and frozen lakes and blizzards than men, a time and place where men fought, worked, and died without leaving a trace, any mark, except those the world famous bard put to paper.

"A TASTE OF ROBERT SERVICE" has toured almost continually since 1971, and in 1978, Mr. Hayter portrayed Robert Service's "ghost" for tourists visiting the poet's cabin in the Yukon -- all of which has contributed greatly to the popularity and perpetuity of this piece of Canadiana. His audiences can't help being caught up in the enthusiasm Mr. Hayter's professional skills generate. Emotions from laughter to near-tears coursed across the faces of his listeners, encouraging him to make even more effective use of his facial expressions and body attitudes, his voices and many accents.

Mr. Hayter's coming to Springhill Institution brought with it a special magic . . . it is not every day that a group of people, some of whom have been prisoners for years, get a "feeling" for a time and place which ordinarily exists only in the stories of men long dead and in the imaginations of those lucky enough to be able to transport themselves through time and space. Thanks to Charles Hayter and his wonderful skill, Robert Service and his poems and stories live on . . . a "ghost" indeed.



Alternative Highs: A Seminar

by Rick Shears

LAST NIGHT, February 23rd, we had the opportunity to attend a seminar type function in the auditorium, organized by REG CAULFIELD in his position as Acting Social and Cultural Development Officer (SCDO).

Although there was lack of communication during the planning stages and the function was billed as "Alternative Lifestyles," it turned out to be an information session on types of drugs and their effects, both short and long term, given by E.T. MELLOR, a professor from the University of Massachusetts. The inmate turnout was good with about 40 coming and going, and about 25 staying for the whole session which lasted about an hour and a half.

There were quite a few questions from the audience. It was obvious that many of our guys are rather well informed on this subject. Mr. Mellor answered all questions put to him, drawing from his experiences as a drug counsellor and his information from drug and alcohol research done in the United States of which he seemed to be quite up to date on. There was also discussion on marijuana and the lack of reliable and unbiased research on the subject. Mr. Mellor stated that although marijuana is the most benign of the drugs and drug categories he mentioned and there is lack of conclusive data on long term effects, abuse of it could also cause serious problems. This exchange in itself was very informative.

Knowing that most of those present were members of various groups in this institution like Alcoholics Anonymous, Accent on Youth, Black Inmates Association, and the Native Indian Brotherhood, and that these groups on occasion have the opportunity to talk to youngsters, either

on a group or individual basis, he stressed points which people with limited drug involvement may not be aware of but should be. He touched on accidental overdose, and accidental deaths due to disorientation and confusion which are the effects of certain drugs and alcohol. He also talked about addiction, both physical and mental, and described some of the behavioural changes which can be induced by drug and alcohol abuse, while at the same time explaining that there exists a fine line between use and abuse.

Because he felt that the words Alternative Highs in the title of the seminar may have attracted many to attend, he explained that certain aspects of drug use such as not thinking about problems, or using drugs to escape the realities of the moment, can sometimes be obtained through other means like sports, religion, sex, meditation, and other activities. He pointed out that most of these are a lot more work and more involved than tipping a glass or bottle to your lips or swallowing a bunch of pills.

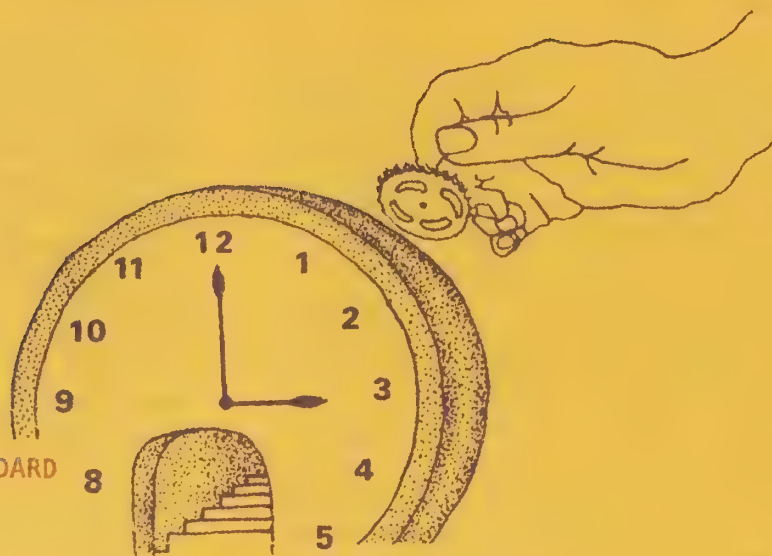
Mr. Mellor ended the evening by giving a reading which, with closed eyes and listening to his voice, produced for some an altered state of consciousness, forgetting the problems and realities of the moment.

We thank Mr. Mellor for his participation. Reg Caulfield extended a tentative invitation for him to come again, emphasizing the fact that more programs of this type, such as self-help through information and training, would be beneficial to a lot of inmates in this institution. Judging from the turnout for this event, although it was not well publicized, the interest is here.



Mandatory Supervision: Canada Violates U.N. Treaty

Letter to the Editor
The Kingston WHIG-STANDARD



Sir: On Feb. 15, 1959, the Parole Act was legislated in the Canadian House of Commons. Prisoners released on parole were deemed to be serving "time" on the street. However, time served on parole did not count towards the completion of the original sentence if the parolee violated the conditions of the parole.

The parolee would be returned to prison to serve in custody the uncompleted portion of the original sentence outstanding at the time parole was granted. The time served on parole in the outside community was forfeited and had to be re-served in prison. This ambiguity resulted in lengthening the time required to complete the original sentence imposed by the courts, i.e., a person sentenced to serve six years could feasibly be granted a parole after serving 2 years, leaving four years to serve on parole. If the parole was violated after three years, the parolee would be returned to prison to serve four more years; no credit was given for the three years successfully served at-large-on-parole. A quick addition reveals that it would take nine years to complete a six-year sentence.

The Parole Act was amended, and since Oct. 15, 1977, time served while on parole counts towards the completion of the original sentence. In place of an ambiguous policy a policy of inequity was introduced.

Parolees that were returned to prison before Oct. 15, 1977, still have to re-serve the time they had already served successfully at-large-on-parole. These prisoners are being kept in prison under a section of the Parole Act that no longer exists.

This inequity came to the attention of professor H.R.S. Ryan, of Queen's University. Prof. Ryan maintained that Canada's Parole Act was in violation of article 15 of the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights, of which Canada is a signatory. (Article 15: If, subsequently to the commission of the offence, provision is made by law for the imposition of a lighter penalty, the offender shall benefit thereby.)

After exhausting all possible remedies of relief in the existing judicial and political systems, Prof. Ryan communicated Canada's alleged offence to the United Nations Human Rights Committee in May of 1979.

Mr. Svend Robinson, M.P. (Burnaby, B.C.), has on at least two occasions brought this issue to the floor of the House of Commons with a motion to have this inequity rectified; such motions require the unanimous approval of the house, which has not been received.

In mid-September of this year, Prof. Ryan was informed that the United Nations Human Rights Committee has ruled the "communications" before the committee as "admissible" and has given the Canadian Government until Feb. 26, 1981, to show cause why the committee should not make a final decision in favor of the inmates.

The wheels of justice grind very slowly, too slowly for William John Glen, who was killed here in Millhaven maximum-security penitentiary on Oct. 21, 1980.

Billy Glen had approximately 5½ months left to serve before being released on mandatory supervision. If Billy had been credited with the time already successfully served at large on parole, he would not have been in prison on Oct. 21, 1980.

Bits and Pieces

EIGHT PRISONERS SUE SYSTEM

OTTAWA (CP) — Eight prisoners are suing the Canadian Correctional Service for transferring them from prison to prison without valid reason. Montreal lawyer Claude Lanctot, representing the eight, said in an interview that the transfers have strained family relationships and caused mental anguish. Each prisoner is suing for \$250 a day damages from Feb. 16 to July 16. Mr. Lanctot said he expects the case to be heard soon.

INMATES DEMAND WOMEN

The Toronto Sun

DACCA, Bangladesh (UPI) — About 600 inmates of the Rangpur jail held a female warden hostage yesterday for the fourth straight day in a bid to win conjugal visiting rights.

The prisoners demand authorities grant them the right to meet their wives in a separate room once every two weeks.

The inmates took over the jail, located about 320 KM northwest of Dacca, Thursday to press their demands.

STRIP SEARCH DROPPED

KINGSTON, Ont. (CP) — Family members of prisoners will not have to submit to routine strip-searches if they want to participate in a family visiting program that will be implemented within the next month at Millhaven penitentiary, a prison spokesman said Wednesday.

Rules unveiled in September had called for all family members to bring a change of clothes and to change into them in the presence of a prison staff member if they wanted to visit under the new program.

But the prospect of having wives, parents and children routinely stripped outraged Millhaven's population, many of whom were boycotting the program.

Prison officials plan to unveil a trailer Dec. 19 and other facilities set up inside the fences at Millhaven for the purpose.

'Drug-buster' judge is busted

FORT PIERCE, Fla. (Reuter) — A pistol-packing judge with a reputation for strict sentencing of drug dealers has been busted in Florida — for smuggling marijuana.

Judge Tom Coggin, 41, of Decatur, Ala., was arrested in his light airplane at Fort Pierce airport with 150 pounds of marijuana worth about \$100,000.

Coggin, who had about \$2,500 in one boot and a .38-calibre revolver in the other, was charged with drug trafficking and carrying a concealed weapon.

Last week he sentenced a drug dealer to 13 years in jail.

FREED PRISONER PLANS CAMPAIGN AGAINST LIE DETECTORS

from The New York Times

"I'm not angry at the jury or the prosecutors," said Floyd Fay, who after two years in jail was cleared of a murder charge and released last week. "But that polygraph examiner hasn't seen the last of me."

Mr. Fay was convicted in 1978 of murdering a store owner in his home town of Perrysburg, Ohio. Polygraph examiners who administered the lie-detector test to Mr. Fay have said he was lying in denying he committed the murder. But last week two other men were arrested for the murder, and court officials said they were now convinced that Mr. Fay's polygraph had been misinterpreted.

Part of the convincing came from Mr. Fay, who said he had read "virtually a truckload" of material about lie-detector tests while in jail. A polygraph measures certain involuntary bodily changes that are assumed to occur when a person is not telling the truth. Ohio is one of the states that allow the results of lie detector tests to be used as evidence, but Mr. Fay is now ready to mount a campaign to outlaw them.

"I'm going to testify in front of the Ohio Senate and see if we can't get a bill passed," Mr. Fay said. "I believed the polygraph worked. But it's ridiculous. Any criminal who knows how to beat a polygraph can beat it."

PRISON MOMS-TO-BE IN CHAINS

THE TORONTO SUN

LOS ANGELES (UPI) — Sheriff's Officials have been ordered not to keep pregnant prisoners chained to their beds during labour.

The directive was announced at the start of a court hearing yesterday on a suit, filed by a lawyer Gloria Allred, seeking a preliminary injunction to stop the practice.

Judge Jerry Pacht, who earlier described the practice as "barbaric," denied the injunction, saying it was no longer necessary because the challenged practice had been stopped.

The suit was filed on behalf of Sharon Louise Larson, 30, a nine-month pregnant prison inmate and other prisoners who said they did not want to be chained to their beds during labour and after delivery. Ms. Larson, who was jailed for an alleged violation of her parole after a prostitution conviction, gave birth on Saturday to a baby girl.

After yesterday's hearing Ms. Allred hailed the change as one of the swiftest she has ever been involved in.

She said court would continue, however, on other parts of the lawsuit seeking provisions for better prenatal nutrition and care for pregnant prisoners.

PRISONER LAY DEAD IN CELL FOR 2 DAYS, POLICE SAID

MONTREAL (CP) — Quebec provincial police say a 21-year-old Ottawa man had been dead for two days before his body was found on Sunday in his cell at a medium-security federal penitentiary in nearby Laval.

A police official said that when Randy Cameron was found dead, the temperature in his Leclerc Institute cell was about 35 degrees Celsius (95 F) and his body had begun to decompose.

A preliminary autopsy showed he had been dead for 48 hours before the discovery, police said. But Guy Verreault, regional head of communications for the federal penitentiary service, denied the police allegations.

"Guards check the cells on a regular basis and it would be impossible for a death to go unnoticed for that long," Mr. Verreault said.

Mr. Cameron was serving two years for burglary and was due to be released next Tuesday.



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FILE THIRTEEN

Lets Push Programs That Give Our Cons Some Hope

by LARRY SOLWAY
The Toronto Star

IT'S AXIOMATIC THAT THE LOWER down the scale you are, the more you get bashed. The less power you have the more you are made to feel powerless. The weak do not "inherit" anything except the continuing privilege of being bashed.

The notion of we really "care" for the less fortunate is a great myth. We cloud it with apparent concern for unfortunate people like the physically disabled or the poor or the diseased or the aged. There is always a large body of public sentiment that appears to be "concerned." There are even concerned people.

I have no special concern for our prison population. They have never been a group that has been high on my social priority list. In spite of my "liberal" attitudes, I have a malicious streak running through me that says that while I understand social wreckage and chaotic behavior, I tend to be impatient with people who break the law, who are a threat to my personal safety and comfort, and who steal, cheat, or threaten people with fists or weapons.

CONJUGAL VISITS OVERDUE

But when I hear the hue and cry being generated by so many people against our "coddling" of prisoners, my natural tendency to be caring and humane comes to the surface. I am misguided enough to believe there is hope for people in prison, and that regardless of how many hardened "criminals" we seem to breed, it is worth every effort to recover these people, to make them useful, to make them worthy, or at the very least to keep them within the reasonable bounds of social behavior.

Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan has created a program of family visits to inmates of federal penitentiaries. So far it is a test program. It is long overdue. Other, far less enlightened countries than Canada have for years had programs that allowed for physical contact between prison inmates and their families.

There are already other programs that allow for conjugal visits between inmates and their wives (or husbands).

Authorities recognize that the prison behavior of an inmate is affected by his anxiety over his family, over the wife he has left behind, and over his own withdrawal from an important part of his life—his sexuality.

At worst, the conjugal program might help to hold together a relationship that a prison sentence otherwise would end. At best it offers an inmate the hope that his life will not break into smithereens while he is behind bars.

Bob Kaplan is getting it from both sides. He is getting it from that hardy breed of citizens who believe that anything more than hard labour and bread and water is coddling the convict. Some people actually say the prisoner will enjoy jail so much he'll keep coming back.

To that I say rubbish! In my world, and in the world of most sane and sensible people, the entire notion of being in jail, with liberty taken away and dignity gone, is a hideous punishment. They could feed me on truffles and champagne, they could supply me with dancing girls, I would take freedom ahead of the most comfy, cosy jail.

From the otherside, the Solicitor-General gets it from the convicts themselves. They want more than visits from wives and families. They want the program to include boyfriends and girlfriends. The convicts themselves are saying that the experiment should include visits from those with whom the prisoner has a "meaningful relationship." Kaplan says no. I don't blame him. He has his hands full with the outrage of the righteous against any kind of visits. Think what it would be if he allowed "friends" to make conjugal visits.

REALITIES OF LIFE

I believe that we should allow for the continuing sexual comfort

of prisoners. I believe that the closer we can come to the realities of life while still keeping people under lock and key or surveillance, the better chance we have of returning them to something besides a continuing life of crime.

But most people won't go for it. We're stuck on the idea of punishment and deprivation. We were outraged when those prisoners at Guelph protested dull food. True enough, their protest that they wanted more beef in their diet did not fall lightly on people who can't afford to buy beef at all! But to suggest that prisoners must be deprived to make the punishment work is nonsense.

We've tried all that. We have done it for centuries. It doesn't work!

If Bob Kaplan's statistics are true, that our prison population is decreasing on a per-capita basis, that recidivism is diminishing, then more humane understanding does work. At very least it can do no harm to try it.

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RUSSELL P. WHEATON

A.O.Y. Awards Banquet

by RICK SHEARS

ACCENT ON YOUTH held an Awards Banquet on Sunday, February the 1st. This event was open to outside family guests as well as institutional staff. Although representation from both groups was small, those who did attend said they were made more aware of the workings of AOY and the dedication of its members.

RICK SHEARS, AOY Chairman, acted as Master of Ceremonies, introducing various members of the group who spoke on different aspects of AOY.

DREW HENNESSEY discussed the Temporary Leave of Absence (TLA) program, its purpose and benefits, as well as the problems which arise in getting members out to speaking engagements.

MIKE McILVENA informed those in attendance of the "TOYS FOR TOTS" project and the need for it to continue on in the future, not only as a Christmas project but on a more frequent basis.

JERRY BENNET explained the self-help aspects of the program and how he personally has benefitted from this.

PAUL CAMPBELL brought everyone up to date on AOY's plans for 1981, touching on such things as "CON-WALK," "TOYS FOR TOTS" projects, sales, institutional involvement, and programs which AOY is trying to bring into the institution such as a proposed Public Speaking Course.

RICK, assisted by Acting Social and Cultural Development Officer (SCDO) REG CAULFIELD, presented the awards. MONK LeBLANC and JERRY BROWN both received awards for their past achievements in the group, even though they are no longer in Springhill. ERNIE (MONK) LeBLANC is at the Farm Annex and JERRY is

at the RECOVERY HOUSE PROGRAM in Monastery. Their past participation and dedication to AOY was acknowledged by all present. Mr. Caulfield made special mention of their leadership abilities and the energy and time they put into the group.

DREW HENNESSEY and GLEN HUTT received speaking awards. The feedback from schools at which both have spoken is very positive, and many letters to the group have expressed appreciation of both DREW and GLEN.

KEVIN NORMAN, JERRY BENNET, MIKE McILVENA and JOE LEGAULT received awards for their efforts and participation in the group.

After the awards presentations a cold-plate buffet was served and members and guests socialized. Mr. JIM DAVIDSON, the Assistant Warden in charge of Socialization AW(Soc), was in attendance and discussed his views and concerns on some of the upcoming AOY projects.

The executive body of AOY would like to express their thanks to Mr. REG CAULFIELD for his cooperation while he was responsible for liaison between the Administration and the AOY group. He did a good job for us and we appreciate that. We also thank Mr. JIM DAVIDSON for the interest he expressed in our group and its activities. Mr. PAT WATKINS and the KITCHEN STAFF are thanked for the fine buffet they put on for us, helping to make the afternoon a pleasant experience.

A good time was had by all and everyone is looking forward to the next AOY "CON-WALK" banquet early this summer.



To Front Lines

By Gary Livingston,
Ombudsman

How to Avoid Killing Someone

1. Let someone else do it.

Small consolation that it is, it's good to know that someone else will not only share my worst urges, but will probably beat me to the punch. My most practical vicarious experience is reading about mass murder over the shoulder of a fellow straphanger. I always know someone else will always illuminate my rage. Everyone is born borderline, and it's a relief to know that some will lose their passports long before I have a chance to test the virtues of freedom.

Without fail, every grim Justice I've imagined has been surpassed by some less optimistic Other. For every no-hostages situation I sketch, someone else is sure to eclipse Manson, Son of Sam and Vietnam. For every abattoir I blueprint, some Sullivan is sure to crowd the sky, and so much the better, because sometimes I can easily see me naked in court trying to justify my collection of newspaper clippings.

"Because I'm leaving clues to the Apocalypse, your Honor, in case I die."

I can see my eyes burning into some judge's before he sentences me to life after a thousandth of a second of a glance. I can see me losing all night at poker and calling it luck. I can see me getting acquainted with all the spaces in my cell. I can see my plea degenerating into unspeakable demons, and the padded room Thorazine can't soften. I can see beauty as a once attainable ideal, an alternative I had no faith in; and I'm glad to know that someone else who doesn't see these things will lead the way.

2. You don't have to die to get attention.

There are few things more satisfying than walking into a psychiatric emergency ward and announcing you are going to kill everyone in sight. Or asking for a lobotomy. The attention — or lack of attention — available voluntarily is every bit as gratifying as that obtained outrageously.

The use of shrinks and mental-health technicians as whipping posts is well-documented in the annals of witchcraft. Experience is obviously the better teacher of human sciences than the academy, and it's easy to hate Them, if only for their incomes. No reason to be cowed by power; just fake the tests, good and crazy, and take a rest. A fair voluntary trial before deciding vionece is worthwhile can save a lot of trouble.

In an institution you quickly learn there's no such thing as dignity. You learn that people really do kick you when you're down, and if the story's hot, profit. You learn that your wife was better than your bank account, your brother better than your banker and your parents saints, and that the number of options on the outside may have been obscene, but no reason to be uptight.

Institutions are shaped by the administrator's notion of relevant social values. A wrath-of-God warden will encourage a wrath-of-God ward; pathologically medieval as he may be, there will be no release without an embracing of chivalry. A benevolent-despot institution is characterized by a superior ability to abuse truth, to view the honest inmate as polluted with truth. There are hypocritically liberal institutions, known for publicizing the substitution of drugs for chains, and insidiously permissive institutions, giving more than enough rope for the eager recidivist.

Ultimately, institutions are hard to get out of because few of their captains care. No matter how profound or true your story, policy calls it sick. You're there; as a volunteer or with money, you might get out. If nothing else, a voluntary excursion of society's healing archipelago might inspire a thought process which eventually suggested freedom as the best means to credibility.

3. Cultivate safeguards against despair.

One of my best defenses against violence is having accomplished a number of unknown but noteworthy works while young, before becoming so demoralized that happiness somehow involved mowing down rows of editors.

I wrote an epic book while still believing there were people of taste who believed in the advancement of merit; I wrote another book, then made it a novella, and completed another 20 or 30 stories to round out one long or two short collections. I have hundreds of poems. Some of this work has been published by respectable, if weak, references, and I know if someone asks what I've done with my life, I can keep him busy for a long time. If someone determines I'm a failure because my work's no good, I can show him official reviews that imply excellence, and state my right to choose critics. I always have at least one book handy for immediate publication should the climate change, and have reservations about trying to change it prematurely by violence.

The road to violence is often paved with good intentions. The more tangible those intentions, the more demonstrable, the easier it is to maintain a wait-and-see attitude. Beneath the sameness of days and apparent immutability of the rut is the security that change has more chances than the lottery. If outstanding effort often goes unrewarded, it can always be viewed as insurance against the day when you'll be standing there with a smoking gun, listening to witnesses heap belated praise.

With perfected talent, at best life can be like waiting for a cancer cure. With no awareness of talent, it's possible for an attitude alone to work: That society will get what it deserves; there's no shortage of frustration. It's possible to go around utterly not between love and murder and somehow act in the best interest of humanity, because it's better to be rejected for being beautiful than for being ugly.



4. It's not you, it's it!

In the Russian science-fiction epic Solaris, there's a scene where an Astroshrink is told by one of the few remaining scientists aboard a station orbiting a sentient sun that if anything weird happened, like dead nightmares materializing, it was because of a pissed-off star. Ever since bombarding it's surface with X-rays in an effort to stimulate conversation, strange things have been happening on the station, like the disappearance of the crew. "It's not you, it's it!" the shrink was advised.

Lately, psychiatrists have been debating the impact of the news, whether or not there is some pattern of imitation to the rash of murders and suicides that follow published violence.

"From the few that I have examined, I have never seen a situation where the murderer was at least consciously prompted by news or knowledge of other murders," one prominent shrink was quoted in the papers. The next day, the papers reported, "In a letter to station KAKE-TV, Witchita's B.T.K. Strangler asks, "How many do I have to kill before I get a name in the paper or some national attention? One little paragraph would have been enough..."

Hijackers and other mad dogs often claim higher motives; they did it for the good of the world, they did it for their children. They did it because something was wrong with a world that didn't otherwise reward them.

I've come to believe that the quintessential experience of insanity is feeling you have more to offer than you're allowed to give, of wallowing in the developmental impasse between what you're doing and what you should be doing. Insanity is merely the difference between potential and reality, the choice between doing bullshit or going nuts.

The loser who happens upon various news items and puts two and two together but is told that the best way to a better life is to vote, is sure to suffer. Experts are paid well to explain violent phenomena to the well paid. Experts who represent the essence of social order become shrinks, and enjoy the irony of treating people who are retreating in extreme from that order.

In an era when it's possible to believe that one's loftiest dreams are definable as dangerous symptoms, when those things society regards as sick often represent the healthiest aspirations of our species and there's a pre-occupation with suicide, it's sometimes necessary to believe that truth is hostility and hostility is truth, but actual violence ultimately the path to oblivion. Though bad news sells papers, and many unworthy people seem to prosper, there's no reason to believe that there are no good people, that it isn't rewarding to be good, that humanity has no exploitable instincts other than the urge to watch accidents.

While the tendency has been to complicate the definition of good, to equate it with fitting a certain mold, to believe it is many things in addition to violence, a society where marriage was illegal and cohabitation saintly, with legal drugs and illegal health foods, with black leaders and white bleeders and everything upsidedown would feel exactly as it does today; it would be as easy to get arrested. Crime would still start at the top and be perpetuated by bigshots buying violence to keep the junkies, cops, lovers, pornographers, nosepickers and idealists in place, and violence would be the only immoral constant worth incarceration.

The best people have never had a sustained and credible chance to test tenacious standards; the best art, acting and sentiment has been murdered or driven to murder, the best leaders murdered, the best environments murdered and plundered. It becomes incumbent upon the loser to prove he's worthy of being left alone, because they are always checking, always trying to flush out the antisocial elements, and from all practical purposes it's better to assume that the hassle and loneliness results more from being one of the best, rather than worst, of cogs, and while the burden might indeed be on society to provide a break, it is incumbent upon the loser to know that and not flip out, because the best people never quite kill.

Brooklyn
Feb. 18, 1978

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COMMITTEE NOTES:

by Cecil Cuff
Inmate Committee Chairman

DURING THE LAST COUPLE OF MONTHS THAT I HAVE BEEN CHAIRMAN OF YOUR Inmate Committee, there have been a variety of things taken to the Administration on your behalf. Many items are taken to senior administrators by myself on a daily basis as the need arises, but the entire Inmate Committee has regular meetings every month with the Administration, usually with the Warden chairing the meetings.

During these meetings we bring up items that have been brought to our attention during the previous month, and while discussing these matters with the Administration, work towards finding solutions for the many different kinds of problems brought to us. But, that is the key, the problems have to be brought to us so that we can try and do what is needed in each circumstance. The Administration seems willing to at least listen to our arguments, and we have been successful in helping get some things changed which were creating problems.

Some of the items we brought to the Administration for their consideration were things like Sick Parade Calls being hard to get to in time before they were shut down; the Working Drafts of our proposed Constitution have been submitted, to which there was considerable discussion and agreement and we expect to have a working Constitution within a month; a Book and Magazine Sale profitted \$320 for the General Welfare Fund; we helped to point out to the Administration that noon-time was not long enough to get everything done in time to be back at work by 1300 hours sharp, to which they responded with a re-scheduling of the job and extending Sick Parade Calls until the second line has been fed; it was re-affirmed that Newfoundlanders are given one free telephone call per month home if their institutional record is good; tentative agreement was given for the Inmate Committee to put on a Tape/Cassette Sale, which will probably be done around the end of May; there were problems in the Dining Halls and Kitchen area that were discussed, with some improvements brought about as a result of discussions with the Administration; a suggestion to test having the outside yard open on weekend mornings was accepted and will be tried once the outside yard is open for the summer months; we were informed that the first phase of the improvements to the outside yard will be completed around the end of June, some of the changes being improvements to the ball diamonds, an improved track, an exercise obstacle course, an outside weight-lifting area, and a paved court alongside the gym where basketball, badminton, tennis, handball, etcetera can be played. There have been a number of other items brought up, and in many cases, changes made that I am not mentioning here as they have all been pointed out in the monthly Inmate Committee/Administration Agenda Meeting Minutes posted in each unit. There are also many personal items brought to the Administration's attention by the Inmate Committee on behalf of individuals that are not mentioned here.

It seems that the Inmate Committee and the Administration are enjoying an improved relationship over the last five or six months. I am hoping that this improvement will continue and that we will be successful in helping make this institution a better place to live and work. A point which needs re-stating again and again is that your Inmate Committee can only be as good as you help it be . . . so, please, participate in whatever way you can and let's work together for the good of all.





WAREHOUSE: ...If You Lived Here will be seen in each issue. It is a fictional journal, a fantasy, reflective of the author's prison experiences in a maximum-security penitentiary. All names and events mentioned are historically fictional but poetically true, and will remain so protecting the guilty.

Day 4,381

BEEN DOING THIS JOURNAL NOW FOR OVER TWO YEARS. There are days, and sometimes even weeks, when everything I see is the same as the day before; when all things seem to melt into one; when the people around me take on a terrible sameness; when work and play become one and the same thing; when nothing changes except the dates and numbers; when the air takes on the same grayness as the limestone walls; when even sleep is more trouble than it is worth; and letters from the outside only work to drag you farther down into the wallow . . . the self-destructive pit that self-pity is.

When I first started playing with the idea of doing a journal, I thought the dude who suggested it was crazy. It struck me as incongruous that people would want to read about what we live with on a daily basis. I thought it ugly that someone would think that I should want to cash in on the experiences my peers and I have learned to call our lives. I couldn't imagine anyone getting off on reading about what life in a maximum-security penitentiary is without wanting to run out and do something about changing the system.

Which just goes to show how naive I am . . . why would anyone pay special attention to the plight of thousands of prisoners across the country when they show such minimal interest in the hundreds of thousands of people in this country who don't have enough of what it takes to get them a fair chance at making a decent life for themselves. Why would middle and upper-class Canadians take any interest in what is happening inside their prisons when they pay no attention at all to the fact that 15,000 people a day are starving to death on this planet, in countries only a tourist-fare away. Why would a government like Canada has concern itself with the fact that there are people all across this country being abused by the authorities when that same government has turned its back on the plight of hundreds of thousands of refugees from countries where government persecution means indescribable tortures and death.

And, let's face it, I am a burglar . . . I mean, I'm not doing time here in Anitown because I'm some kind of virgin; I've been down this road before. I don't have any trouble understanding the logic involved in my doing my third five-year bit for burglary -- even though so-called "white-collar" criminals are ripping the world off for billions, corrupting and compromising everything they touch, yet being held up as "pillars of the community" while assholes like me, caught for piddling property crimes against people who have a lot more than they need to live decent lives are treated as though we are the source and cause of society's problems. That is wrong with everything. That's what really bothers me -- being punished for what you have actually done makes more than sense to most of us, that's part of what justice is, but being treated as though our actual crimes merit our being singled out as everything that's evil and sick and wrong with this society, being held responsible for all crime in society, as though our individual acts have actually caused enough social damage to justify the sentences and proclamations handed down against us by the courts and society in general is ludicrous and unjust.

But, again, who cares?

And that's the dilemma which keeps coming up . . . if people on the outside don't give a damn about what happens in here, and if most of the guys I do my time with feel more or less the same way I do about our experiences and don't need it explained to them, who then am I writing for?

Me! Maybe....

A Step Too Far

by Leon Baker
Jackson, Michigan

DEATH, THE GRIM REAPER, LURKS JUST BEHIND EVERY PRISON WALL. When one sees a moving form, one cannot help but wonder . . . is it a man of understanding and compassion or a beast infested with contempt and hatred for mankind?

Until one cold evening after chow, I had never comprehended the meaning of a vigorous and conscious man being destroyed. When I saw the prisoner step through the outer door, I realized at the same time as he that it was a step too far. Before this unforgettable day, he was not dying. He was alive, just as we are alive. All the organs in his body were functioning -- bowels digesting food, cells renewing, hair growing, tissues forming -- all working. His nails would still be growing when he walked through the outer door of Cell Block Two for the last time.

As he stepped into the sally-port between the outer and inner doors, his eyes took in the dingy yellow, rose and blue walls beyond the cement block's green barrier. In consternation his brain registered that he was not alone in the sally-port. He remembered the faces of the conspirators too late, as the steel, ten-inch, make-shaft screwdriver plunged painfully into his body. He cried out in agony with eyes begging for mercy.

When you meet some men, you know they are real . . . nothing phony, no gimmicks, nothing to push -- but death.

The massive steel cell-doors slammed shut against steel on the first and third galleries of the world's largest prison, muffling the screams of the doomed man. Horror stricken, he gasped for breath. His face dripped with sweat and his heart pounded like a trip-hammer. The killer snarled like a mad, raving dog, "I told you I would kill you, Rat!" as he gouged twice at the neck of his bloody and helpless victim.

Tired and blood-splattered, the wounded man stumbled through the second door and fell against the green, cement-block barrier, sprawling with his hands grasping towards nothing. His shoulder and head struck the gray slab floor with a dull thump. He laid there, his mouth open, his face distorted in pain and dripping with sweat and blood. A second is a lifetime . . . an hour is indescribable . . . a day is unbearable behind the walls; but for him tomorrow would never come. He mumbled something and succumbed to the blackness of death.

Three witnesses standing by the shower just inside the second door saw the killer and his look-out man run from the scene. Smiling like morbid animals, they understood that the first one to testify against the killer in a court of law would get a parole . . . so the rat lived on.

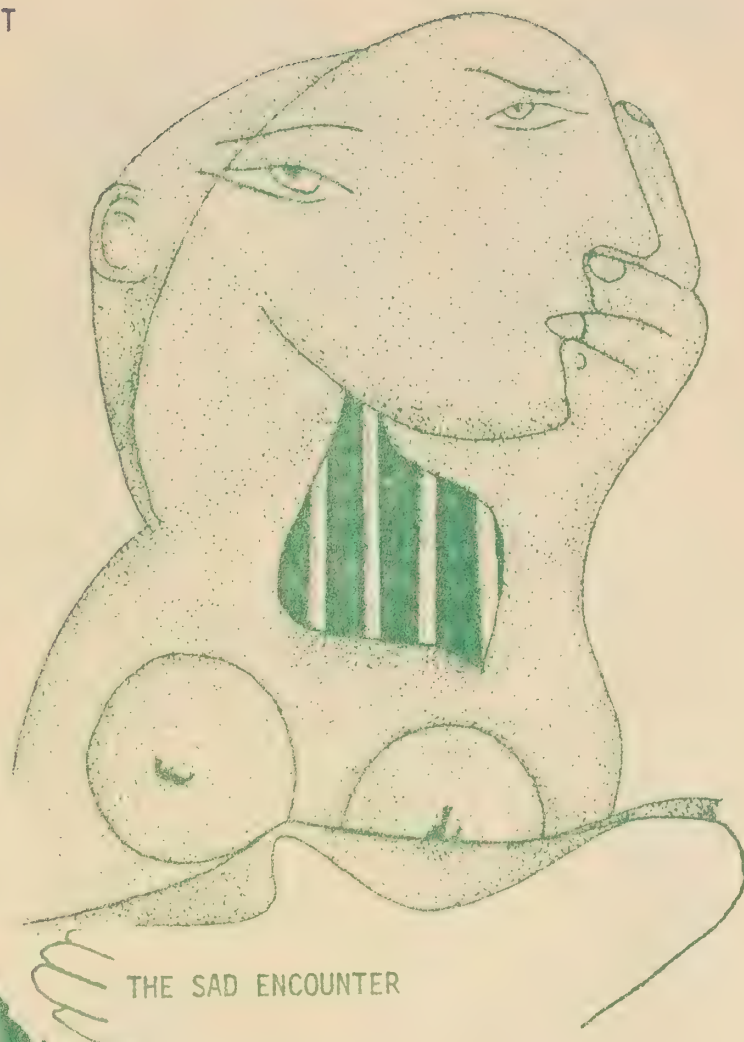
VARIATION ON A PICASSO ABSTRACT

She was born with twin heads
of a mirror, one yellow eye,
one green. Her mother would
roll her into the room when
there was company. She would
stare as if at no one, as her
mother would have to explain,
"She is a sensitive child,
I hope you understand."

Soon, no one came at all.
Even the mother left
without saying a word
or leaving a towel
to wipe away the dust
from her eyes.

By the time she was discovered
she was totally blind

staring into herself.



THE SAD ENCOUNTER

He drags himself up to where
I'm standing waiting for the
streetcar. A feeling of sadness
pours through my body. I know
that within moments his broken
body will tell me the story it
is needing to tell--- "It hap
ened on a mo ter cycle. I fe
el off an was n't wear ing a
hel met"--- "I'm truly sorry
to hear that", I say, as calmly
as possible, as chills run down
my spine. I look into his sad
dark eyes and know that he'll
never walk again like half the man
that he used to be.

SLEEPMIRROR

I walk to the edge of night
where sleep is buried in little caves
their eyes frozen like electrocuted goldfish.
I yank one of them out by the tail
and instantly the cave crumbles,
the tail changes into a rope of fire
that won't let go of my hand ---
I realize this means opportunity:
Go and settle old scores, a voice tells me.
Set fire to the schools,
to the banks, to unloved ones---
then burrow yourself deep into dreams.

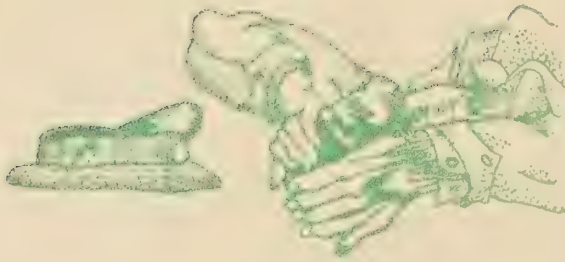


THE MISSION

The sky follows us to a ruined temple
We are little hands becoming blisters
Exploding into fountains
In the air we are surrounded
By long awaited causes
Withered men making gestures
Beetles turned over on their sides
The silver card draws a boundry
Between the shadow of lightening
ALL IS FORGOTTEN
We open our eyes
Slowly close them



A LESSON AT THE BEACH



A big kid is being picked on by a bunch of little kids. They are throwing sand and debris at him as he stands there with his back turned waiting for them to stop. Suddenly, a new little kid comes up and decides to get into the act. He gets up real close to the big kid, picks up a tin can and throws it, hitting him on the head. The big kid turns around and smacks the little kid into the sand. The other little kids are 'frozen' as they watch him get up screaming and crying. They watch him as he runs away, probably to his mother--- The little kids back away as the big kid now watches with a grin on his face

amazed at what he has done.

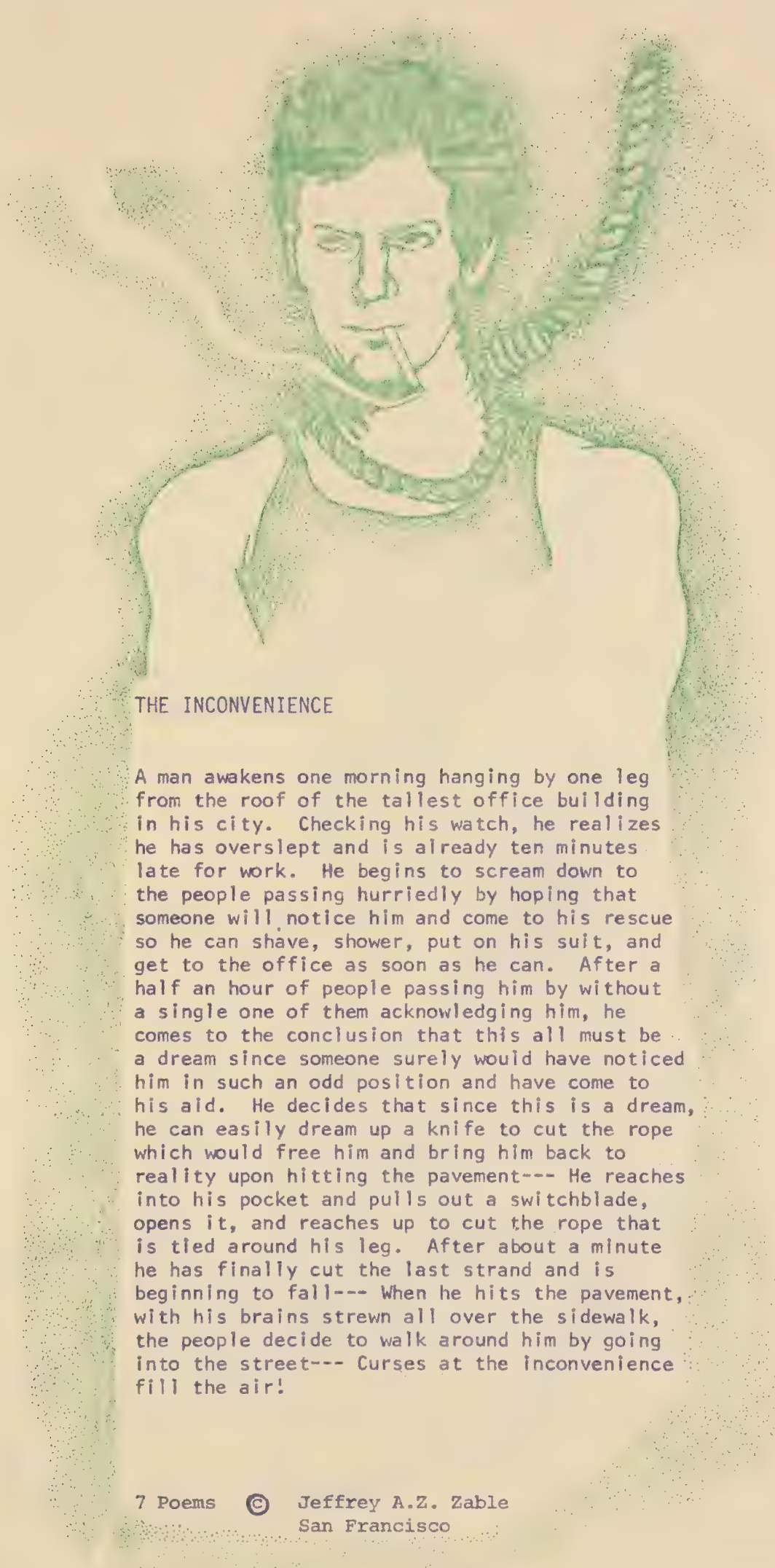


PORTRAIT OF A SUICIDE

He couldn't take the thought of dying. It was like listening to drops of water crash onto the pavement: The memories, the darkness of years spreading throughout his body like a cancer--- He couldn't take the thought of awakening: Another day! The sun on his back, the wind in his hair, his face in the mirror looking hollow



through the eyes.



THE INCONVENIENCE

A man awakens one morning hanging by one leg from the roof of the tallest office building in his city. Checking his watch, he realizes he has overslept and is already ten minutes late for work. He begins to scream down to the people passing hurriedly by hoping that someone will notice him and come to his rescue so he can shave, shower, put on his suit, and get to the office as soon as he can. After a half an hour of people passing him by without a single one of them acknowledging him, he comes to the conclusion that this all must be a dream since someone surely would have noticed him in such an odd position and have come to his aid. He decides that since this is a dream, he can easily dream up a knife to cut the rope which would free him and bring him back to reality upon hitting the pavement--- He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a switchblade, opens it, and reaches up to cut the rope that is tied around his leg. After about a minute he has finally cut the last strand and is beginning to fall--- When he hits the pavement, with his brains strewn all over the sidewalk, the people decide to walk around him by going into the street--- Curses at the inconvenience fill the air!

THE VISIT

THERE YOU SAT,
A SYBARITE.
HUMMING WITH A VAST VARIETY OF LIFE
MAKING ME WANT TO REFINES THE
DELICACY OF TACT IN MY BREATHING.
EVERYTHING IS SO IMPORTANT
THAT IT ANSWERS WHY I MUST
BECOME ENERVATED ENOUGH TO
CLASP YOUR BREAST
WITH EYES TRAINED
TO CHILLED INSIGNIFICANCE.
WHAT THE EYES DON'T SHOW
NO ONE CAN KNOW;
THAT LISTENING TO THE SHELL OF
YOUR EAR I CAN HEAR THE SEA
WITHOUT SEEING.



INTERIOR STRAINS

THE SCENTLESS EXTRAVAGANCE OF
A SINGLE, STILLED ROSE SITS AND
SITS BEFORE ME;
PEEKING FROM MEDIEVAL TOWERS,
CAUSING CONVULSIONS TO SHATTER
ACROSS THOUGHTS OBEYING
THEIR OWN LAW OF COMING AND GOING.
(TWO COMPULSIONS OF
INFINITE PERSISTANCE)

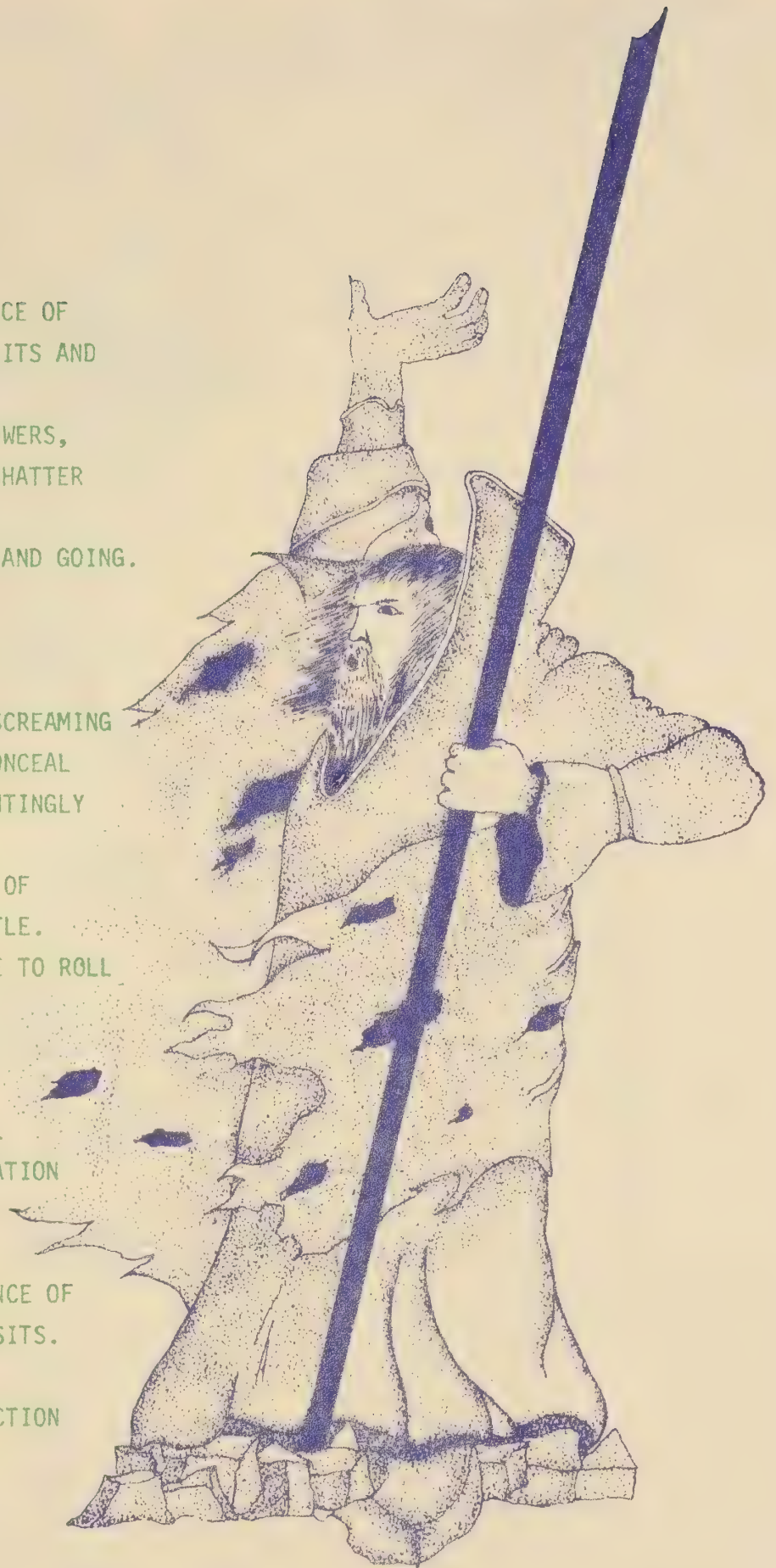
LIKE SNUFFLESS CANDLES SCREAMING
PRIMITIVE CURSES THAT CONCEAL
THEMSELVES SO ----- HAUNTINGLY
EVER PRESENT.

SO VIVID THAT THE VALUE OF
SAVAGERY DIMINISHES LITTLE.
IF ONLY IT WERE POSSIBLE TO ROLL
ALL THE EMOTION OF THAT
DEAD ROSE INTO A WEAPON
ONE COULD....

BUT OF COURSE THAT'S ALL
CONCEALED IN THE TRANSLATION
OF THE GAZE.

THE SCENTLESS EXTRAVAGANCE OF
A SINGLE ROSE SITS AND SITS.

(SUCH A CURIOUS CONSTRUCTION
ARE THOUGHTS.)



STILL LIFE

SOON OUR TEARS WILL BE
PUNCHING HOT LITTLE HOLES
IN THE SNOW.

THE WINTER!

THE WINTER GIVES
YOUR BONES AGAINST ME
MALLEABLE, SMELLING SWEETLY
OF FLESH AS TENDER AS FRESHLY
MOUTHED GUM.

THE WINTER!

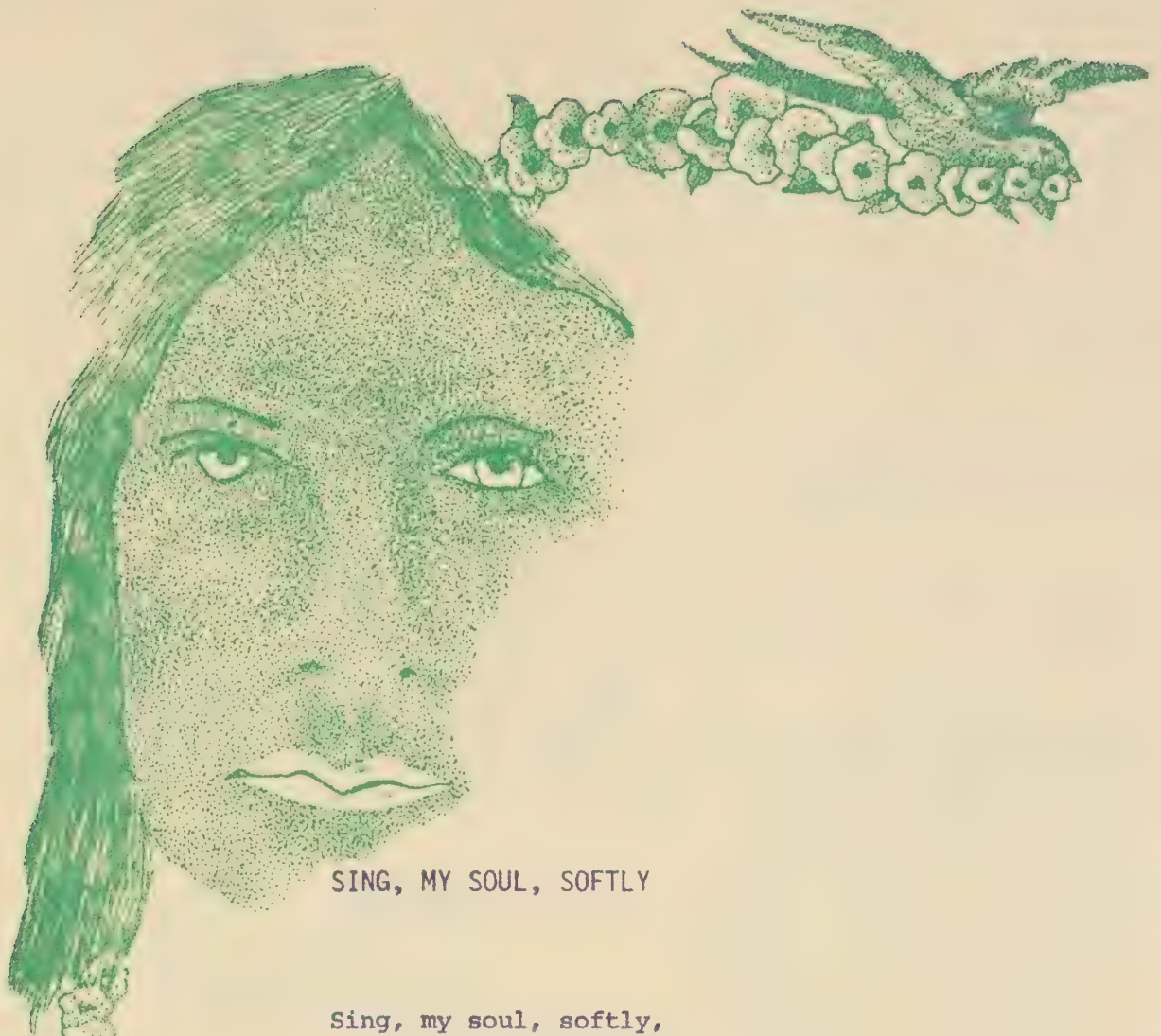
THE WINTER GIVES
ME THE EAGER WHIMPERING ANIMAL
CLOTHED IN CLOTH AND OPENING
YOUR INNER COLOURS ACROSS
WHITE FIELDS.

(A SOFT SIGHT ON A BARREN LAND)

WIDER,
WIDER, SO I CAN LAY THERE
QUIETLY,
QUITE RUINED
LIKE A BASKET OF SPILT EGGS
ON YOUR HEAVINGS
ON MY LEAVINGS.

THEN WE'LL SAY, "THE WINTER"
THE WINTER GIVES US BLAND SKIES WITH
FALLING FEATHERS
ANGEL'S SILK
AND MY SWORD
BROKEN SOFTLY IN YOUR BOWELS
THEN OUR TEARS WILL BE
PUNCHING LITTLE HOLES IN
THE SNOW
TO SALT THE EARTH FOR SPRING.





SING, MY SOUL, SOFTLY

Sing, my soul, softly,
and tumble me down,

Down,
into the chasm known as past happiness,

Out,
of this nightmare known as reality,

Where fear seeps through
the cracks of solitude
like rainwater,

And dreams are discarded
like old letters,
but never quite forgotten.

Sing, my soul, softly,
and whisper me free,

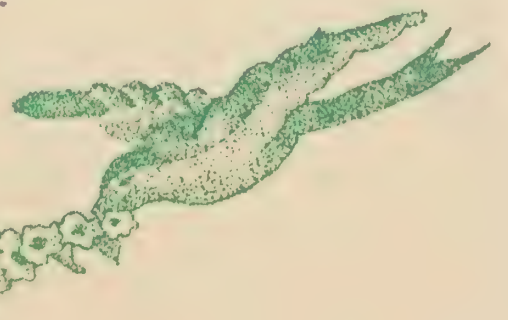
Free,
of the heart-tearing, mindwearing compromises,

Back,
to peaceful, glad-to-be-alive mornings,

With sweet wisps of coffee smells,

And warm double-bed spaces.

Sing, my soul, softly,
tumble me home.



THE APPLE

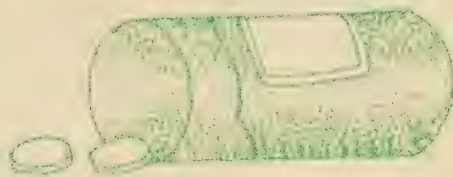
I've tasted of forbidden fruit,
And, reminiscing, find
Its lingering taste is far more sweet
Than fruit of different kind.

To pluck it down while budding full
With life and fresh desire,
Is truly an experience
Which captures nature's fire.

To drink the nectar known to few,
To know each tart-taste sin,
Intensifies each precious thrill
And magnifies what's been.

And even when the tree stands bare,
And pain is all you feel,
A memory lingers bittersweet
Of something warm and real.

I've tasted of forbidden fruit,
Oft scorned by many men,
But if again it beckoned me,
I'd taste it once again.



REFLECTIONS IN A PLASTIC MIRROR

Deeply brooding
Eyes gaze upward
Searching, pleading
Asking why,

Under layers
Real and feeling
Beats a heart
That cannot cry.

Love that is,
Or faith that isn't -
Leaden weights.
That burden feet.

Birth and death
Still tell no answers
Yes or no;
Thoughts never meet.

Brave reflections
Seen before me -
Mind and body
In their prime.

Is this life
At which I'm gazing,
Or a hopeless
Sketch of time?



THE JAIL

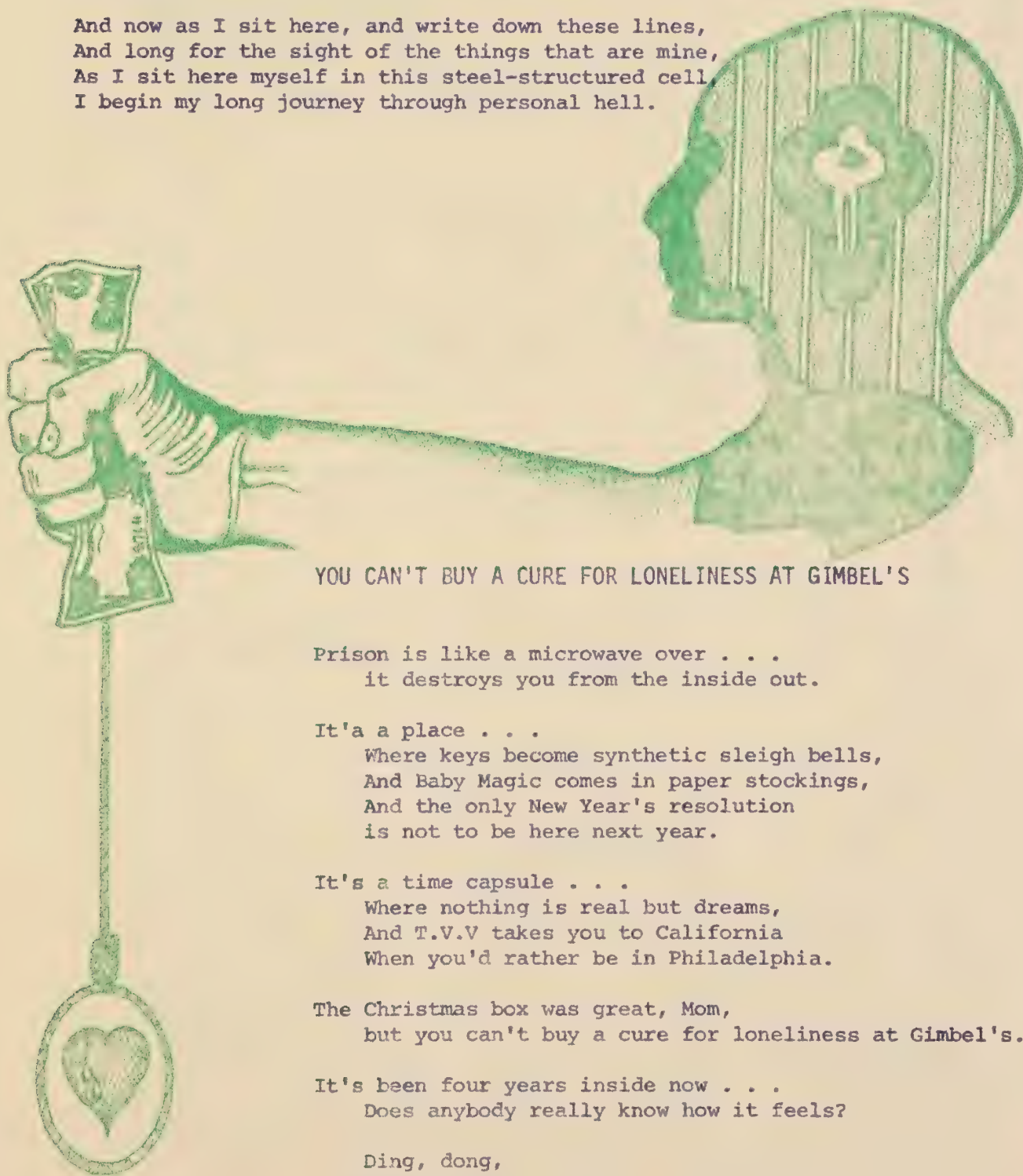
One day I saw somebody building a jail -
They put it together with hammer and nail.
The bars made of steel over windows of glass
Would censor the view of the things that would pass.

I knew that quite shortly the work would be done
And men would be put there, away from the sun,
Away from their children, away from their wives,
Away from humanity - apart from their lives.

What would they do to end up inside,
Stripped of their dignity, freedom, and pride,
Alone in a small private hell of their own,
Desperately frustrated, saddened, alone?

I suddenly thought, as I stood at that place,
That man is an unfeeling, terrible race,
To cage up their own, pass judgement on them,
As if they were gods, instead of just men.

And now as I sit here, and write down these lines,
And long for the sight of the things that are mine,
As I sit here myself in this steel-structured cell,
I begin my long journey through personal hell.



YOU CAN'T BUY A CURE FOR LONELINESS AT GIMBEL'S

Prison is like a microwave over . . .
it destroys you from the inside out.

It's a place . . .
Where keys become synthetic sleigh bells,
And Baby Magic comes in paper stockings,
And the only New Year's resolution
is not to be here next year.

It's a time capsule . . .
Where nothing is real but dreams,
And T.V.V takes you to California
When you'd rather be in Philadelphia.

The Christmas box was great, Mom,
but you can't buy a cure for loneliness at Gimbel's.

It's been four years inside now . . .
Does anybody really know how it feels?

Ding, dong,
Life goes on . . .
Santa died,
And they were wrong.



A GREAT INVENTION, LONELINESS

If with the pain of life you're aching,
And all the rules you've ever known are breaking,
Don't cry at night, it's all in vain -
You'll conquer pain.

If all the friends you've known are leaving,
And emptiness has come and found you grieving,
Don't be alarmed, don't shed a tear -
You'll conquer fear.

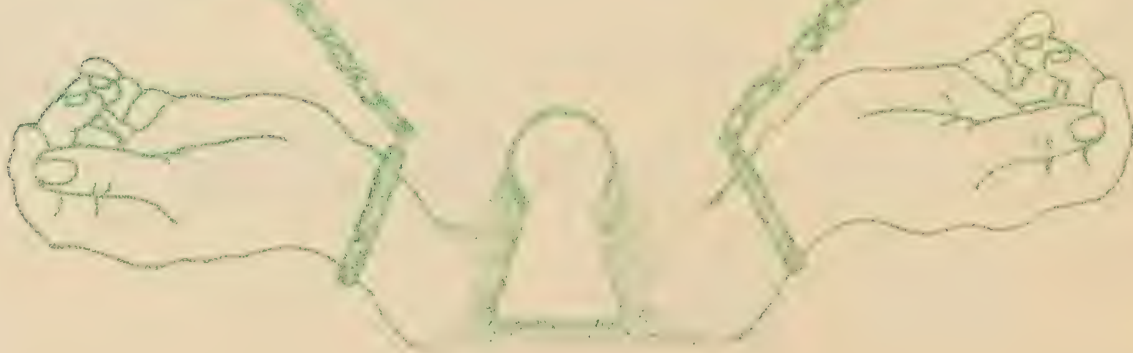
If everywhere you turn the lies assail you,
And all the dreams you've dreamed begin to fail you,
Don't lose yourself in futile desperation -
It's the situation.

But if it's loneliness that gets you,
And longing for the one you love besets you,
A long dark road ahead is weaving -
For loneliness isn't leaving.

A great invention, loneliness,
Of all the bitter venoms known to man,
For when others run the gamut in this place,
And, when leaving, others come to show their face,
If none else can survive,
Loneliness can.

6 Poems © Diane Hamill Metzger

From her book of poems,
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(Cont. from pg. 1)

of the scientific and criminal justice communities behind it, cannot humanely and efficiently stop the flow of contraband they are claiming will get in if the program is initiated. The only reasonable explanation possible, if it was contraband they were worried about, is that they know themselves that too many of their fellow workers do not efficiently and conscientiously carry out their duties. If a program won't work completely on its own, you will always have somebody complaining about the "extra work" --and especially when that "extra" work is what they were hired to do. The other explanation is that the contraband issue is a Red Herring and what they are really up to is that they begrudge the prisoners and their families the visits. One of the union representatives quoted in the Montreal Gazette said, "It seems that all they (Ottawa) could think of up there is how to mollycoddle these guys. These punks are here for murder, rape, bank robbery, and the like. If them jerks in Ottawa want to do something good for someone, why don't they do something good for the victims of the crimes?"

The advance criticism of the program coming from some prisoner writers is misguided, if not mean-spirited, "If-I-can't-have-it-you-can't-either" thinking. It should be obvious to anyone who has been around the penitentiary system at all that not only does change take a long time in coming, but when it does come, it comes in small doses. Innovations are "always brought in as pilot projects, not only to "work the kinks out" as they say, but to "gain acceptance for the program." It just happens to be a fact of this life that there are always a lot of people around who will decry any kind of change, anything that is new, everything that differentiates you from me, us from them. I think it is absolutely essential that conjugal visits be extended to all prisoners, but I agree with the manner in which this program is being brought in and see a gradual approach as a proper and reasonable way to proceed. I believe that if it gets the enthusiastic support of those in a position to know what is going on then it will be extended to most of the rest of us sometime down the road. The length of time it takes to include the rest of us will be determined by the degree of support it gets and by the level of seriousness motivating those in charge.

It will be a sad day if we allow spite to defeat what could turn out to be the most far-reaching and progressive program to come along in a quarter of a century. Let's not, to use an old cliché, "Cut off our noses to spite their faces...."

Soft Soap and Chicken Feathers

by Cecil (Kipper) Cuff

THERE WAS A TIME, BACK IN THE BAD OL' DAZE, WHEN COALMINERS WORKED underground; when men were men and women were glad of it; when Gordie Howe still played against guys like Phil Esposito instead of with his grandchildren; when a cup of coffee cost ten cents and Anne Murray still sung barefoot instead of bank commercials . . . there was even a time when a challenge meant just that and was taken up with great ceremony and bravado -- but, alas, those days are gone.

The hockey players in NUMBER TEN unit, looking to repeat two past performances when they literally pulverized them, challenged the Living Unit staff in our unit to a challenge-match downtown in the Springhill Arena. Our guys, being the unsuspecting innocents that most prisoners are (otherwise, how could we be caught by these guys?), were led to the slaughter without ever knowing they were being sucked into an ambush. For weeks our team had been jiving the staff in the unit about what was going to happen to them once we got them on the ice . . . not a word was said in rebuttal. That should have tipped the Good Guys off; but, no, they just kept babbling on -- almost like they'd never been sent into a parole hearing before. Christ, talk about a soother: even the bus driver got into the act by playing Anne Murray tapes all the way to the Springhill Arena....

Once inside the arena though, the style changed. It was no more soft soap stuff; this was it. Out of sixteen living unit staff in NUMBER TEN, only two showed up for the game. It was rumoured that NUMBER TEN'S Fearless Leader was down at Disney World taking upgrading training in the Living Unit Program; but, oh, there was a full line-up against us, alright . . . the infamous Springhill Snowbirds were out in full force -- yeh, that's what they call themselves; I wouldn't juice you about something like that! I

mean, I've called a lot of people a lot of things, but I've never once called a man a snowbird.... Anyway, the Snowbirds were out in full force -- yeh, I know, I already said that . . . NO, Anne Murray wasn't there! There was 22, a real bruiser; and 14, someone to worry about meeting in a dark alley; and 68, a guy who should be on The Most Wanted List; and 31, this great b' J'sus mountain of a guy who looks like he eats broken glass for breakfast (probably wine bottles at that!) -- which all goes to show you the ends certain folks will go to to get their own way.

But, even then, even after getting a chance to see what they were up against, did our guys do the sensible thing and gracefully back out? Not on your life . . . they hung in there and did what all Good Guys do -- they did the best they could do, and when the dodo hit the fan, there wasn't a snivel out of them. Actually, they didn't get any time to do anything but fight for their lives.

The Snowbirds took over right from the opening face-off, keeping the puck in our end. But, ART NELLIGAN, our hot-shot goaltender, managed to keep them out of the net -- the puck that is -- and a pass from HARVEY LUNN to MIKE LEAVER (Wouldn't you know it?) got the Good Guys the first score of the game. GEORGE BEATON was almost in tears when MIKE smacked the puck by him, and he really didn't appreciate Mike yelling, "It'll be up your nose the next time, George!" RAYMOND LEES from Eleven Unit and JERRY SPENSE from Number Ten ganged up on our guys and tied it up with LEES scoring against ART NELLIGAN -- most of the guys in Ten figure LEES got the goal because Art used to be in Eleven, and while Art was concentrating on making faces at the charging LEES, LEES took advantage to score the goal. They're like that, you know!



With the score tied up, our guys, DAVE BROOKS, MIKE LEAVER, HARVEY LUNN, AL BALTZER, CHRIS BONE, PATTY RYAN, HENRY DOYLE, DREW HENNESSEY, MIKE LAWLOR and PERRY BECKWITH did everything they could to knock the cacka out of the Snowbirds; but the Snowbirds weren't about to be pushed around by a bunch of MEDIUM-security types -- they scored 16 goals on ART (Shell Shock) NELLIGAN who is still mumbling about "the next time some son-of-a-boche throws a piece of rubber at me, it just better have a brassiere wrapped around it" -- he's always been kinky that way! -- with the NUMBER TEN squad answering back with 12 goals on GEORGE BEATON. Both goalies looked like they'd spent a weekend in a girl's dormitory when it was raided by the Metro Toronto Narcotics Squad....

The game was a lot of fun and we'll no doubt be doing it again. One thing we learned from this game with the Snowbirds is that it is no wonder they are known all over the country as a bad-ass team to mess with . . . you ever try checking a dude who stands six foot three inches tall and whose wearing forty pounds of chicken feathers? It is downright embarrassing. But, then again, there was this one really cute one....

SPORTSECTION

AL BALTZER

WITH ONLY A FEW GAMES REMAINING IN THE REGULAR BALLHOCKEY SEASON, it looks like NUMBER NINE will clinch a First Place finish which has eluded them for a long time. At the beginning of the season they looked like solid contenders but not quite strong enough to knock off NUMBER ELEVEN whom everyone picked to take all the silverware. Hard work and good coaching has paid off though. There's a lot of speedsters in UNIT NINE and just as many goal scorers. MURPHY, while not a great ball handler, has got excellent speed to get him in and out of tight places, and he can score. VANCE ATKINSON can socre, and does so quite regularly. KELLY LEGUE is a ball handler and scorer with speed, as are CRUICKSHANKS, DAVIDSON, MacDONALD . . . the list is endless. Even RANDY McCULLY puts in an occasional appearance, and if you've ever been hit by a Mack truck, then you've been hit by Randy.

It wasn't easy for NUMBER NINE to get started though. They lost their first game against NUMBER ELEVEN, but by the time of their second meeting the team was ready. This was important because the short season means you must continuously win . . . no end of season spurts here. Well, it didn't look too good for the first two periods with NUMBER ELEVEN leading 3-0 going into the third. The biggest reason for this was goaltending, with KEVIN WOODS holding a very hot glove-hand of late. He's probably one of the best goalies seen in here in a long time. The bubble broke for NUMBER ELEVEN with about twelve minutes left in the game. Four goals in about six minutes put NUMBER NINE out front and the game ended 4-3 for NUMBER NINE. Since then they haven't looked back.



NUMBER ELEVEN, on the other hand, has been having problems. What was a powerhouse in December has crumbled. MacDONALD and BOUTILIER are gone, FORKY WASHBROOKE has got his walking papers, and it looks like DAVE WHITE is on his way out. What this means is that the emphasis to put together a winner to topple first place NUMBER NINE is up to someone else.

NUMBER EIGHT, I don't believe, is quite up to it. They have got some good speedsters, but no real leader. RONNIE WILLIAMS is making his presence felt and DENNY STATES is there when needed, along with FRED DOIRON, but young guys like KEGAN, MELANSON and RUMBOLT have yet to solidify the team. This team has yet to win a game this year (even though they do get pretty good goal-tending from ACKER), and from the looks of it, they won't unless its an end-of-season-upset after all the playoff spots are decided. They did, however, play an excellent game against NUMBER NINE this week, and showed a lot more character than at the first of the season, but still lost 6-4.

So what is happening in NUMBER TEN? The team there revolves around four players: DAVE BROOKS, HARVEY LUNN, MIKE LEAVER and HENRY DOYLE. As a matter of fact, that's about all there is to the team. For one reason or another, none of the experienced and proven players over there want to get involved. Everyone is hoping for a good draft from Reception, but that's doubtful. If this unit does get it together, though, then NUMBER NINE will have some competition. With all the new faces around, there has to be a hockey player hidden somewhere. Goaltending is still an unsolved issue, but we keep trying guys out.

EDITOR'S NOTE: And, as Al predicted, NUMBER NINE went on to take First Place in the regular season of play. They were so strong, and the outcome was so predictable, that they had trouble getting an audience for the last few games they played, which is why this was the last game Al covered in the series.

BALLHOCKEY FINAL LEAGUE STANDINGS

UNIT:	GAMES PLAYED:	WON:	LOST:	TIED:	POINTS:
NUMBER NINE	12	10	2	0	20
NUMBER ELEVEN	12	9	2	1	19
NUMBER TEN	12	4	8	0	8
NUMBER EIGHT	12	0	11	1	1

INDIVIDUAL PLAYER STANDINGS -- 1980 -- TOP 15

	UNIT:	GOALS:	ASSISTS:	TOTAL POINTS:
1. LUNN	TEN	19	17	36
2. BROOKS	TEN	21	14	35
3. ATKINSON	NINE	22	8	30
4. WHITE	ELEVEN	22	6	28
5. PARKISON	ELEVEN	14	8	22
6. WASHBROOKE	ELEVEN	15	5	20
7. RAYMOND	ELEVEN	13	5	18
8. BURNETT	ELEVEN	7	11	18
9. CRUICKSHANKS	NINE	10	4	14
10. JIM MacDONALD	NINE	4	10	14
11. T. NELLIGAN	NINE	6	7	13
12. ROACH	EIGHT	10	2	12
13. DAVIDSON	NINE	7	5	12
14. KEAGEN	EIGHT	8	2	10
15. RUMBOLT	EIGHT	8	2	10

Coach's Corner

by david towler

NUMBER EIGHT has continued to play even when only having as few as six players. I think this is a bloody shame. In that, I mean it's a disappointment to see a unit with 90 men and yet they can't get out to support their own unit. But, for the guys that have stuck with the game, you're well thought of by NUMBER NINE'S team and supporters.

Although NUMBER NINE is in first place, the players, except for a few, have once again shown their usual disregard for coaches and managers; but, of course, who could believe that NUMBER NINE would finally get their heads together. They will do the same in softball . . . too many children and not enough men.

UNITS ELEVEN and TEN are as steady as usual but have lost a few players, weakening both teams. This, of course, would happen to NUMBER NINE if our players transferred to NUMBER TEN or went home.

In closing, I'd like to leave you with this thought: There isn't any sport or game that can be coached or managed right if the coach or manager is one of the players. This is evident in softball here, as it is in ballhockey as shown by NUMBER EIGHT and TEN units who both have playing-coaches. You just can't see from the playing field. Your play-

ers want to hear one voice, and that's the voice of their coach from the bench.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dave Towler had this to say after the regular season of play ended -- What a disappointment it is to see your team play ballhockey for 3 months and finish the regular season in First Place, and then be told that there won't be any trophies awarded the winners, nothing for the Top Goal Scorer and no Most Valuable Player Award.

One would think that out of the budget allotted for sports and recreation there would be sufficient funds to purchase 18 trophies to cover these achievements.

You would also think that we should be able to expect that when trophies are presented, whether it be for winter or summer sports, that they would be engraved to show what sport the trophy is being awarded for, and to show who it is being awarded to. This hasn't been the practice in the past but perhaps in years to come somebody will take enough interest in the institutional sports program to ensure that trophies are awarded, and that they are marked to attest to the achievement of the individual or team being honoured. Even if it means renting one less second-rate

THE WEIGHT PIT



by Art Nelligan

SO, YOU WANT TO BE A VEIGHTLIFTER? Hahahaha!! Ve haf our vays to mak you squvat . . . stay tuned to this column issue to issue and perhaps you'll be able to pick up on a little piece of advice and/or information here or there that may benefit you in your training routine, or even bring a little smile to your lips, which in itself is an exercise of the facial muscles. (Vat??? Laffing und haffing a goot time! Vas is dis? Vas is going on here?) We will welcome any contributions and/or questions you might have to offer. Just address them to the editor of this magazine.

First of all, due mainly to the efforts of the RECREATION DEPARTMENT, the weightlifting area is no longer "the pits" it used to be... the expansion of the weight area to both sides of the gym, plus the addition of new exercise equipment and the promise of more weights and bars, which are now on order, has improved not only the weightlifting area itself, but also has contributed to the overall atmosphere of the pit and gymnasium in general. So, thanks, and a friendly flex of our muscles to the gym staff. Now, if only we could have as much success in our efforts to obtain the so badly needed protein, vitamin and mineral supplements. Also, with the present shortage of plates until the new order is received, I'd like to commend the guys in the pit on the good attitude which prevails towards sharing the equipment.

"Can I borrow your twenties?"

"How long you gonna be? Ten minutes . . . No problem."

"Trade ya two tens for two fives?"

"Hey, can we trade benches for a set of flies?"

"Mind if I jump in for a quick set of pulldowns?"

Thanks, guys. A little class goes a long way....

Then, as you stroll through the pit on a mission of Borrow or Trade: "Hey, don't let yer arms catch up wit yer legs. Ha! Ha!" and, "Aw, did it land on yer toe? Yeh, we'll call a toe truck. Ha! Ha!" and,

"You got it, you got it, harder! That's it! That's right, it's all yours, all right! Right on, good reps, good set!"

As a matter of common-sense safety, how about collaring your weights, guys? It's no small joke to have so many pounds of iron and steel come crashing down, endangering not only the man on the bench, who is susceptible to a wrench or muscle-tear, but also to all those next to and around him, including the guy whose concentration has been broken by all the commotion. I realize that for a while there was a shortage of good collars, but that situation has been remedied by the introduction of a dozen new pairs of collars this week. So, whaddaya say to a good working habit, guys?

Also, bearing in mind that will-power -- that attitude of "You're damn right I can do it" -- is a big part of the battle of getting to where you want to go, you'll have your up days when you'll notice big gains in your workout and the down days when you may get stuck on a certain weight or exercise, and then days when you're just too tired to get a thing done; but, all in all, it's hard work and determination that will see you through, get you what you want. The weight pit is the one place where the old cliché, "No pain, no gain" holds true.

WEIGHTS AND WEIGHTS . . . It is obvious, CHRIS, that the deflated tire system is still rolling: with a body building and weightlifting team due to come in for a film and demonstration soon, and with rumours of an organized competition in the air, I notice the CAPE BRETON corner stepping up their workouts . . . a related, though as yet unconfirmed rumour has the competition being held at a soon-to-open NEW GLASGOW gym -- BIG ED'S MUSCLE SPA (smile) . . . hope JACK stays at the weights long enough to compete -- what with the sleeper hold he practices daily on TOM NO'HARA, I fear he may soon be branching out into professional wrestling . . . SEAN B. still re-

fuses to get his hair trimmed for fear he'll lose his strength . . . another rumour has STRONGMAN TONY ANGEL soon for the street . . . with an eye on perhaps turning to professional competition, MEL REDDICK is working harder than ever (and lookin' good) . . . KELLY and BRIAN, when not at the weights themselves are busy keeping the others looking stylish . . . oh, yeah, SEAN RYAN overtrained and his moustache fell off. Well, nuff gossip for this ish; gotta trade this pen for a bar and plates before I get left behind. (Which way to the beach?)

A closing note: The world's oldest man -- 142 year-old WU YUNGUIN --

claims his fitness is a product of constantly tempering both mind and body, and says, "Do not become lazy and you will not age." His meals are moderate and he has never touched tobacco or alcohol. He takes several 5 minute cat naps a day, and sleeps no more than 5 hours a night, stating that "what matters is not how long you sleep but how soundly." Wu also says, "You must be open-minded and optimistic in your outlook; avoid petty quarrels with others. Be friendly and try to help others when you can."

Good advice for anybody.

LIFERS' CHALLENGE

by Cecil Cuff

THE BALLHOCKEY GAME BETWEEN NUMBER EIGHT UNIT AND THE LIFERS TURNED out to be lots of fun and laughs, not only for those participating but for those of us in the stands watching.

The first period started with the LIFERS taking control when ROGER ME-NO-SEE ROY called a malicious-tripping penalty against HOTSHOT DORION, leaving NUMBER EIGHT one man short. The ball was kept mostly in NUMBER EIGHT's zone and JERRY NO-NICK LEMIEUX passed the ball to LIVE-WIRE WILLIAMS, who slipped it past BACKTRACK ACKER and scored the first goal of the game. The second goal came a short time later when TENNESSEE HENNESSEY managed to get the ball, after a lot of commotion in front of the NUMBER EIGHT net, and shot it in unassisted.

JOHN REDNECK DIONNE did a good job in the net for the LIFERS; he always seemed to be in the right place at the right time . . . with the net facing the right way most of the time!

MELVIN MAGIC REDDICK played a really good first period. He managed to stay with his man and take him out or get the ball away from him every time he touched it. His persistence paid off just before the end of the first period, with him scoring the third goal of the game. The period ended with the LIFERS ahead 3 to 0.

The second period, the same as the first, started with a penalty. Only this time the penalty went to MAGIC REDDICK. It was a two-minute penalty, called by CROSS-EYED CROSSMAN, for interference. NUMBER EIGHT tried really hard to take advantage of the situation but the LIFERS held out. As soon as MAGIC MEL went back on, the manager of the LIFERS team, SHULTZ TOWLER, got hooked with two two-minute penalties; indecent holding of a minor and holding the ball. DUMMY DAVIDSON had lots of fun calling these penalties.

Everything seemed to run amuck for awhile, with a penalty at every turn. The NUMBER EIGHT goalie got a two-minute penalty for having his face-mask off . . . it was a real shocker! BULLET BENNET sat out the penalty for him, complaining as usual.

WEINER WAYNE BELBIN took advantage of the mayhem out on the floor, when LAWLOR THE MAULER slipped him a pass and he shot it into the net, putting the LIFERS ahead 4 to 0.

It was getting close to the end of the second period when NUMBER EIGHT decided that they had had enough and KOTEX KAGEN came on really strong and scored two in a row. One was assisted by SHULTZ TOWLER, who had decided it was time for a point and it didn't matter if the goal was scored on his own net or not.

In the third period NUMBER EIGHT knew that if they were to win the game they had better start working harder. SHULTZ TOWLER, for the LIFERS, figuring that if you can't outplay them you should change your style of play . . . trip them! He got a two-minute penalty for that idea. Meanwhile, KAGEN received a pass from CARING CORNETT and scored his third goal of the game.

Right after KAGEN'S third goal, everyone decided, because they were tired, it was time for a break -- and what better place to recuperate than in the penalty box. BENNETT, BALTZER AND HENNESSEY all got two-minute penalties

for assault, with BENNETT getting two extra minutes for tripping. I guess he must have been extra tired.... During the last eight or ten minutes it was hard to keep track of the penalties and goals, because they were all happening so fast. KAGEN received a two-minute penalty for taking a wild shot . . . at the referee.

MAGIC MEL's persistence paid off again with him scoring an unassisted goal for the LIFERS. The LIFERS goalie then received a two-minute penalty for interference . . . his left leg kept crossing up his right.... The referee, CROSS-EYED CROSSMAN, forgot to send someone off so the players decided he wasn't doing his job and gave him a two-minute penalty.

During the last minutes of the game, everyone turned on the steam. MAGIC REDDICK scored another goal which was assisted by AL BALTZER. NUMBER EIGHT kept right on trying; even after DENNY STATES picked up a penalty, everyone could see that they had the LIFERS working hard just trying to keep the ball out of their own end. PATEY took a pass from, who else but KAGEN, and scored, making it 6 to 4. With less than a minute left to play, KAGEN went on to score the final goal of the game. The game ended with the score at 6 to 5 for the LIFERS.

COOKIE THE ROOKIE and DRY-RUN DRYDEN, the commentators for the game, then presented a trophy to REDNECK DIONNE of the LIFERS for being the Most Outstanding Player of the game. The fact that we wore a mask all through the game must have had something to do with why he won, I never did figure out what the connection was....

All in all it was quite a game, and I think we should see more of this kind of game instead of the usual unit against unit competition.

Lifers and Bikers

by bob eby

ON A THURSDAY EVENING NOT LONG AGO, YOU COULD HEAR THE ROAR OF HARLEY-Davidson Low Riders, Electra Glides, Sportsters and Super Glides down in the gymnasium of this medium-security prison. The Boys were out for a bash at the Lifers' Ballhockey Team, and it was reminiscent of the good old days when the Tribe, Choice, Phantom Riders or Odin's Wrath would come rumbling into a town, scaring the local folk with their big machines. Well, the motorcycles this day were a figment of the audience's imagination but the grease wasn't . . . there was "Big Al" Burnett, "Heavy Bob" Dow, Sean "Dog Eater" Ryan, "Mad Tim" Nelligan, Paul "T'row me d' rope" Campbell, Cecil "Inta the kip witcha" Cuff, Mike "Badguy" Leaver, Tony "I'll kill ya" Angel, Dave "I-come-open-handed" Carrol, Harvey "Scooter" Lunn, and Art "Mad Dog" Nelligan.

The Lifers, Ducky "08" Gagnon, "Live Wire" Ronny Williams, "Tennessee" Drew Hennessey, "6½" Jerry Lemieux, Wayne "Hagar the Horrible" Belbin, Mel "Candyman" RedDick, Glen "Redlight" Thompson, Ricky "Strongman" Quinlan, "Mad Mike" Lawlor, Larry "Hey, Big Fella" Pretty, Johnny Dione, and Dave "Psssst" Towler presented a target for the Bikers that wouldn't be hard to find . . . every time someone on the Lifers ran more than five feet without tripping over his running shoes, the rest of the team would jump up and down for two or three minutes, certainly drawing the attention of the crowd, to say nothing of the kinds of looks they were getting from the Bikers.

The goaltenders, David Carrol for the Bikers and Johnny Dione for the Lifers, allowed a total of nine goals; but none of them were easy scores. Ducky Gagnon for the Lifers scored a hat trick, getting three goals, and Glen "Redlight" Thompson and Mel "Candyman" RedDick got one each. The Bikers' scorers were "Big Al" Burnett for two, with "Mad Tim" Nelligan and Harvey "Scooter" Lunn for one each. Drew "Tennessee" Hennessey got two assists, and Ducky Gagnon and Wayne "Hagar the Horrible" Belbin got one each for the Lifers. The Bikers only registered one assist, and that was Mike "Badguy" Leaver's, because they kept gang-banging the ball, making it impossible to figure out who was doing what to or for whom.

There were surprisingly few penalties: Mel "Candyman" RedDick got one, of course, being the bad-guy for the Lifers. He went for tripping, sending poor old Cecil "Inta the kip witcha" Cuff off for a retread. And, right after scoring on a breakaway, burning rubber all the way, and tying the game up at 4-4, "Mad Tim" Nelligan went off for Conduct Unbecoming A Biker -- he got caught! Art "Mad Dog" Nelligan was heard giving the Biker's rallying call of "TAKE NO PRISONERS" just as the Lifers made their final charge of the game. Thirty seconds before the game ended, Mel Reddick scored the winning goal of the game. It ended at 5-4 for the Lifers.

The Three Stars of the Game were Ducky Gagnon, "Big Al" Burnett and, since it was a toss-up between "Mad Tim" Nelligan, Mike "Badguy" Leaver and Mel "Candyman" RedDick, I picked "Mad Dog" Art Nelligan for the number of consecutive wheelies he performed -- that's ass-over-teakettle to you four-wheeled roadhog freak types.... Now GIT!

A Referee's Viewpoint

by ROGER ROY

AS MOST OF YOU ALREADY KNOW, I have been doing a lot of the refereeing in BALLHOCKEY this season. From a referee's point of view, there are a few things I would like to mention about the games and certain other aspects pertinent to the gymnasium in general.

A lot has happened in BALLHOCKEY this season, such as the Xmas Tournament which was won by NUMBER TEN unit. Also during the regular season suspensions have occurred in different instances to certain players. These suspensions and the need for them is one of the items I want to bring up in this article, to see if we can come up with some improvements so that these things do not happen too often. As an example, instead of having the Recreation Staff making these decisions to suspend players, we should have our own Sports Commissioner. He'd be able to communicate with the players and the staff of the gym, representing the whole sports population here. The Commissioner should be appointed by the whole league, not just any one team.

Furthermore, another item I want to mention is the condition of the hockey nets. They are all screwed up. There are all kinds of holes in them, and before every game we, the referees, after making our usual check, have to do on-the-spot repairs. These are only temporary repairs. The ball getting through causes big arguments on the floor and this makes our jobs tougher.

Another hazzard during the games comes when the players get too close to the on-floor bleachers. I've seen some very hard checks against the bleachers and its amiracle that some of the players come out of it the way they do. They are very dangerous and one of these days

someone is going to get hurt really bad, and then we'll be saying that we should have done something about it. No, that's not the answer. We should take them out every game. It only takes one moment to move them off the floor. So, come on guys, give us a hand.

Another thing that needs doing is that every game the referees and players should check all sticks for loose blades and screws that stick out. I'll tell you, if you get a high stick with one of those screws sticking out of it . . . well, you can imagine what can happen when a player gets it in the eye or across any part of his body.

These measures are very important if we are to have accident-free games. I'm sure none of the players want to leave this place with a handicap of any kind . . . that's for sure.

It is also true that equipment is very important in any game like BALL HOCKEY. You have to be well protected when there is a lot of body contact and swinging sticks and such. Players should have adequate protection of their own personal being so they do not encounter bruises and cuts, or more serious injuries.

The clock should be ready in time for the playoffs. I'm happy to tell you that I will not be here, but I wish you all the best in the playoffs and may the best team win. As I said, fellows, we won't be able to improve the quality of sports here until we get together and do something constructive about it. It's up to us. So come on, let's go.

Yours on behalf of the referees.

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Isorobics in the Gym

by greg scott

THE RECREATION DEPARTMENT OF THIS institution is currently testing a new program of exercise, using an ISOROBIC EXERCISER. This device, which is basically a rope, a pulley with variable tension, and a few attachments, was demonstrated on February the 26th to a small crowd of people in the gymnasium.

Mr. Stan Hennigar, President and National Director of Fitness Motivation of Canada, the company marketing the Isorobic Exerciser explained that the device was originally designed for astronauts to work out on in a confined space. The eighty dollar unit combines the principles of Isometric (muscle against immovable objects), Isotonic (muscle against muscle), Isokinetics (muscle against movable resistance), and Aerobics (breathing exercises) to develop strength and stamina, and to improve the cardio-vascular system (Your heart, B'y, your heart!).

In this institution, where the average age is less than 23 years, there are too many people who don't get any kind of exercise apart from walking to meals, and jumping up to change the channels of the TV (maybe if we attached an exercise bike to the TV with an attached generator to power it...). This system of exercise doesn't involve a lot of repetitions, doesn't involve a lot of weights, is not competitive and can be done alone in a short time. Most of the usual excuses one uses to avoid exercise will not apply to this device.

If people are interested in checking out this machine, the Recreation Staff have a demonstration unit in their office, and are willing to show you how to go through a short workout. Guys who want to prepare for a specific sport can modify their routine so that, say, their throwing arm will get a good workout. If the Isorobic Exerciser proves to be a popular item, we can expect to see more of them around here.



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LEON BAKER, Poet, wishes to correspond. Write him LEON BAKER 135903, P.O. Box E, JACKSON, MI 49204

I have lost contact with the outside world and am very lonely. I am 23 years old and easy to get along with and will answer all who write. TOM DAUKSZA, Box 1000, OXFORD, Wisconsin 53952

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"WRITING FROM THE PRISONS" is a collection of short stories and poems relating the prison experiences of American prisoners. It is a steal at \$2.75 (American) from INDIANA WRITES, 110 Morgan Hall, Indiana University, BLOOMINGTON, Indiana 47401

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OPEN ROAD is a leftist newsjournal that will keep you informed on events pertaining to the anti-nuke movement, trade unions, direct action campaigns and other anti-authoritarian happenings. They also do some of the best writing on prisons and the Moratorium Movement available. A donation will get you on their mailing list. Send a couple of bucks and try them out... It'll be the best two buck investment you've ever made. It's free to prisoners. THE OPEN ROAD, Box 6135 Station G. VANCOUVER, B.C.

FREE 100-word pen pal listing for prisoners in AFTA MAGAZINE. Free sample issue also sent. AFTA covers books, science fiction, comic books, films, rock music, political and gay rights issues. Write to: Bill-Dale Marcinko, Editor, AFTA MAGAZINE, 153 George Street, Suite #1, NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ 08901

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SINGING -- 102 pages of some of the finest short stories, articles and poems ever published by women prisoners in Canada. BERNICE LEVER of WAVES LITERARY JOURNAL fame took five years to publish SINGING and they were years well spent. The quality of some of the items is of the very highest, with every piece contributing to "telling it like it is, yet celebrating survival with dignity." It costs a very very reasonable \$5.95 or you can get a 40% discount if you order for resale, buying ten copies or more. SINGING can be had through ordering from HIGHWAY BOOK SHOP, Cobalt, Ont. POJ ICO or from WAVES, Ontario College of Art, 100 McCaul Street, TORONTO, Ontario M5T 1W1

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